TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Some years ago when I was on a lecturing tour—several consecutive nigh's; I'm sorry for them now, so don't throw it up to me—I was called down to the parlor of the hotel in Brantford. The card of a young lady was the summons, and I was met by a rather tall and slender miss, whose bright eyes and freckled face were pleasant to see. The young woman desired a position on a newspaper, and felt sure she could do lots of useful things and write entertainingly of many subjects just then neglected by the daily press. After a short chat, during which I reluctantly confessed that the last lady on the staff of my newspaper had not been entirely a success, I promised to remember her if anything suitable should offer and said "goodbye." The name of the bright-eyed and freckle-faced young lady was Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, recently returned to Canada after so distinguishing herself by a voyage around the globe for the New York *World*. While I cannot claim sagacity enough to see in the unfashionable applicant the genius she has developed, I saw at least that she was a bright and likely candidate for literary work. I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Duncan since she became well known and sought after and I would scarcely recognize her. I mention this, not in disparagement of her early days which were double a quite as gilded and brilliant as those enjoyed by most of us, but to encourage those young women who feel within them the divine afflatus and are urged on by a consciousness that they have energy and mental equipment enough for the great task of instructing or entertaining some considerable section of mankind.

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Since Miss Duncan has become a well-established literary entity she can command more for a short article than she could once get for a week's work and not be so long searching for an employer, either. Her superbly illustrated articles in the *Ladies' Pictorial* and the London *News* have given her every opportunity of attracting attention, yet it is but a very few years since she was seeking recognition in the most unimportant sphere and finding it hard to obtain. Her success is a good lesson to her sister aspirants. Miss Duncan, like the majority of prophets and prophetesses, found no honor in her own country, and but scanty opportunities of displaying her abilities. Of course we stupid editors and publishers of Canadian papers are blamed, but really the fault is not ours. Our offices are crowded with young women who say and write the most commonplace things. Life is short and we have no time to make a selection. We do not deny that many of the applicants for public favor are clever, and may produce good work, but we have no chance to experiment. The majority of the young women who apply desire a situation and a salary. On a daily newspaper this is impossible in the case of an untrained and conventional young lady who expects to be escorted when she goes out and waited upon when she comes in. Experience has taught the weary editor that mademoiselle's first efforts will be rubbish. She has learned neither to think nor to write; what strikes her as interesting has probably been written and re-written a dozen dozen times. Then, again, the young woman who offers to contribute does the same thing, and is surprised and disgusted because the editor baskets her contributions. If she is made of the right stuff she keeps at it, doing odd jobs of reporting for a paper or occasionally contributing such material as has a momentary value, until she obtains a proper conception of what is marketable or striking. Then she gets a situation and soon learns that to succeed she must shake herself loose from the competition of her sex who, living at home, are continually sliding against her for the trifle she earns both in money and reputation. Strange cities and countries are therefore exploited, to do which conventional notions must be abandoned, as in the case of female medical students, and once launched upon the sea of adventure, trifles such as would hardly be read if written by a man become thrilling or picturesque as an episode in the life of a woman. Remember I do not deny the necessity of ability in a woman who attempts large things, but simply state what is the fact, that as soon as she gets into a large sphere she becomes much more conspicuous and entertaining than a man of the same ability and power of expression would be because she is more of a novelty and has fewer competitors. Truly she sees and writes of things which a man would not notice, but it does not follow that they are really worth noticing or had they been written equally well by a man would have been attractive.

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In the larger world of letters than the writing of gossip and the reporting of fashions and five o'clocks, a woman has a good chance, but she must first be able, learn her business and then plunge in. My fair and ambitious readers may say that circumstances make it impossible for them to leave home or do any plunging. Then leave it alone and float quietly around your domestic haven! You can "plunge" in more ways than one. Somebody, Carlyle I think it was, says if we want to be original all we have to do is to be sincere. Recollect this. It is the key to the room where you must sit down and write unless you are an expressionist—one who is so skilled in words as to be able to dress up old things in new, gay and attractive gowns. You need not dash out into the world; you can take a peep into your own heart and write up some of the little corners curtained off there. As a rule they are the great unexplored and unexplorable country. To men, and to each woman as she scans her sister woman, the region to which I refer is a more inaccessible domain than the center of Africa was to Stanley. I have had the pleasure of introducing more than one bright woman to newspaper work, and I can say in conclusion that nothing more clearly proves that the first steps are the hardest than the fact that not one of these women has ever lacked a living while she stuck to her task or did not try to manage a husband and a section of a newspaper at the same time. Even in the latter event, it is not strange to see a smart newspaper woman supporting a dull, dissipating or unfortunate husband.

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I was talking the other day with a friend of mine who has twice been elected to one of the most responsible offices in the second largest city of the United States. Without particularly intending to draw him out I remarked

THE BITTER DOSE.

upon the well-worn saying that only the man who has much or nothing can afford to be in politics. "No man," said he, "who cares for his home, is sensitive as to what people may think of him or who is not reckless as to what he may do himself can afford to be in politics. I have been there and know. I quit because I am sensitive—not fool sensitive you know, I can endure criticism of a legitimate sort—I am not reckless as to what becomes of me, and hope to have some domestic quiet before I die. During the time I was in office I succeeded in preserving sufficient of the public's confidence in me to make it possible for a deputation of my friends in quite a hopeful spirit to wait upon me recently and urge me to accept the party nomination to a vacant judgeship. 'We can get you there, old man, easier than any other man we know. It will help the ticket and it won't cost you much.' I told them that if I were elected by every vote in the city and county and presented with the election certificate and a petition signed by every one of the electors, that I would not qualify for the office, even if it did not cost me a cent or an ounce of effort. They insisted until I had to tell them that I did not care who ran or who was elected, nor what effect it would have on the ticket nor on the state nor the republic nor on the whole great big round earth; that I did not read the political part of the newspapers nor think about politics nor care about government! They asked me what was the matter, and I told them that when I had been a candidate for office I had the heart kicked out of me and my soul flattened and my brain confused until life had no more joys in it. When I was elected the genuine abuse began, and until I ceased to hold an office misrepresentation traveled along with me bigger than a barn and the praise and confidence of my friends were never exhibited until it came time for the renomination and the undergoing of the same frightful ordeal. I have had enough," said he, turning to me almost fiercely. "I got out of it with clean hands, but I have had enough of the heart bowed down, and another trip would be the health broken down, my self-respect broken down and as far as I am concerned politics and politicians can go to the devil, where it seems to me they have their headquarters, anyway."

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I suggested that his position was hardly that of the ideal citizen.

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"I know it isn't," says he, "but I am not an ideal citizen. I was once. I was an ideal fool and I hope there are plenty more of them. I once hoped to make a name for myself as a champion of the people. The best things I did were suspected, the worst things I did were applauded. I did the best I could and was miserable. I did the worst things I dared and had scores of friends to applaud me in them and encourage me to do worse. When I felt virtuous I was as lonesome as a cat in a strange garret, in my weakest and most vicious moments everything was gay, and people of the baser sort made life and existence seem worth having. I am not strong enough to endure that sort of an experience. My profession is too profitable for me in a sane moment to attempt it. I know," he added, somewhat apologetically, "if everyone were to feel as I do, popular government would be left to the blacklegs and ward toughs. I think it would be a good thing, both in your country and ours, if the toughs had the entire management of things for one year. When they had stolen half of our stuff and put all their decent opponents into jail, the better class of people would take hold of the government and run things right.

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"I tell you what it is, if a man is decent in politics, he is too blamed lonesome to live. The bad people hang to him and tempt him, the decent ones stay afar off and watch him, and he has nobody but the devil to be real near to him to comfort and encourage him. What our country, and your country, and every other country governed by the people, needs is some Aaron and Hur Society to hold up the hands of the governmental Moses of to-day. He tries to hold them up alone and he gets tired and just about the time that the battle is at its height, some smooth-voiced reprobate comes along and tells him not to waste his strength, to put down his hands and not stand there looking silly, and the spectators laugh and down go his hands and the battle is lost, and the good people jump on him and want to tear him to pieces because he has been false to his trust, when, as a matter of fact, he stood there till every finger and muscle was numb, and there was not a hand of a respectable man raised up to help him. "No, my friend," exclaimed the politician who had sworn off; "I am out of it, and if you will take my advice you will stay out of it until the better class of people come up and help do the work.

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"Perhaps you think," said he, "that your country, where there are less offices filled by election is better than ours. I can tell you it is not. The more elections you have, the more responsible the positions filled by election, the better, for then you have a more or less permanent organization to back you up. Here, where you only elect a man now and then, and parties practically disband immediately after an election, and are not called out until another is about to occur, the poor devil who is supposed to represent the people is left in a more lonesome and isolated position than we are on the other side of the line. He is the victim of all the paupers and beggars and dead-beats of his party. He has no one to send them to. The crooked fellows lay traps for his feet, and he has no committee room to go to for advice. He may think he is perfectly safe when he is skating on the thinnest sort of ice, and he hasn't *confreres* enough in active political life to shout to him to keep away from danger. You Canadians are the most suspicious people I ever met, and if there is any truth in the old rule that the man who suspects everybody is crooked himself, it seems to me there are very few straight men amongst you. I say you Canadians without meaning to be offensive, for I was born here myself. What I mean is, people with a training such as your business men appear to have had. You reason so slowly that a man can pick every pocket you have got before you come to a conclusion, and then if you decide to have confidence in the man you will take him home to tea, and lend him a trunk to send away by express the stuff he has stolen from you over night."

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No doubt my friend took an extreme view of politics both in the United States and Canada, yet it must be admitted that there is but a very slight incentive to the young, hopeful and progressive spirits to enter our arena. I scarcely know of an instance where a young man who has made up his mind to advance and defend a set of principles has ever entered public life in this country without meeting so much hostile criticism, unmerited suspicion and rancorous opposition that his heart has been broken and his retreat made necessary. As a rule some spineless casuist takes up the broken lance, mends it with some tattered rag of opportunism, wins a cheap victory and degrades the principles once held by a patriotic soul by either winning with them or leading in some mercenary campaign. No doubt there are good men in politics, but every one of us knows that their best impulses, their most sacred principles and highest courage have been subdued, abandoned or traded off before they became successful as practical politicians. No doubt their primary failure was largely due to the fact that in their ignorance they thought they could stand alone. A hermit who had abandoned the abodes of mankind once said on returning to them that a tree which could stand for centuries in the forest surrounded and protected by its brethren could not for a single winter face the storms on an open plain, yet when the same class of man endeavors to organize even a small faction of his brethren that they may support and encourage him his task is almost equally hopeless. People say, "Oh, it is of no use. What would a little company like us be able to accomplish?" It sounds logical, yet even if numbers be small, if they can succeed in encouraging one man to hold fast and to battle for their idea of what is right, they have built a lighthouse and kept burning a danger signal which may keep the ship of state from most dangerous rocks. The tendency of the multitude to travel like sheep in great flocks makes it wondrous hard for anyone to cut out a little band to which others of similar mind may come for companionship and encouragement. The first symptom of our safety in Canada from the intense factional rule which endangers confederation and has already made the public chest a treasure box of schemers will be the subdivision of the old parties into smaller ones, such subdivision in fact as has saved France. There is not only a Right and Left party but the Center, the Extreme right and the Extreme Left, where men who for the moment feel that the dominant party is going too far can, without the danger of being assassinated upon the charge of inconsistency, find companionship, organization and power to resist.

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If the Citizens' Association desires to accomplish anything it should take my friend's advice and form an Aaron and Hur Society to hold up the hands of those who are trying to effect municipal reform. Without doubt, the best way to do this is to prevail upon some good men to become candidates in the various wards, as I suggested last week, and when they have been elected let the association disband and depend upon the personal influence of private citizens to sustain the council. In municipal matters everything is now organized excepting the ideas which brought the Citizens' Association into being. Of course it is an organization, but a most ineffectual one. It seems to me that an effort to control government by an independent or third party is apt to be abortive, and an organization which is expected to direct or retard the movement of a municipal council is also likely to become discredited. Those who desire to control the policy of a party must organize within that party to direct the choice of representatives, and by reason of the part they had in selection to insist upon being heard at all times. If the Citizens' Association enter a

the field as a factor in the selection and election of aldermen, its work will really have been accomplished, for among our neighbors it is not difficult to select men who will be true to the ideas which caused the association to spring into existence, and if it immediately disbands after the election of suitable aldermen the men so selected will not be in dread of interference, except from citizens who will voice nothing more than private opinion.

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Everything but resistance to the aggression of corporations and the perfection of our municipal system has organized itself and become a power in municipal politics. The Canadian Pacific really has more than one newspaper which boldly defends the expropriation on behalf of that railroad of all our water front from Yonge to Simcoe street, regardless of the fact that the city is willing to provide shunting yards far beyond the necessities of the case a little further west. Some of these papers urge that the C.P.R. does not want all the land between Yonge and Simcoe street, it simply desires to control it in self defence. I most unhesitatingly declare that it wants all the land along the water front not now occupied by the Grand Trunk as far west as Brock street, and that its plans include the acquiring of this property, so that there will be no central water front worth speaking of which is not under its control. Who ever knew a railroad managed as the C.P.R. is to show its hand? We may be certain that even the inordinate demand which has already been made is less than half of that which will be made. The papers which insist upon the C.P.R. having all it wants are endeavoring to excite local jealousies and are harping upon the necessity of the C.P.R. to Toronto as a whole. Why don't they say something about the necessity of Toronto to the C.P.R.? how much this city and the adjoining municipalities have paid to build the lines centering here which have been seized by the Canadian Pacific? Why do these subsidized newpapers, which are willing to write an editorial for a trip pass, stronger and more vivid than could be gotten out of them by the most important principle, tell us how well the C.P.R. treats the villages, towns and cities which place themselves at its mercy? Toronto is no way station on the C.P.R. We have been side-tracked as much as it is possible for the Canadian Pacific to side-track us. We could better afford to build a railroad to Montreal than to give up our city water front, as the C.P.R. insists we should. Toronto is the Chicago of Canada. Railroads far and near are fighting to get into Chicago. Any railroad which hopes to be prosperous in the province of Ontario except as a purely local line must get into Toronto, and whether it be by means of a viaduct or the keeping open of our water front and making the center of the city accessible to all railroads it is absolutely imperative that we should not part with our most important franchise and place ourselves at the mercy of the railroad spider which has woven its web so tightly around us.

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Minister Dewdney's declaration to the effect that Protestant Oka Indians have no rights is rather an untimely episode. I am free to admit that I never knew an Indian whose acceptance of the Christian religion, either Protestant or Catholic, made him a better citizen. The opposite is always considered the rule in the North-West and amongst the Hudson Bay posts the pagan Indian is trusted for his winter supplies when the so-called Christian Indian is refused. Last summer a factor of the Hudson Bay Co. told me that the missionaries either convert the worst Indians or make the best Indians bad after converting them, he didn't know which, but that the so-called Christian Indian scarcely ever paid his debts or regarded his contracts, while the savage unchanged by doctrines and schools never thought of being commercially dishonest. However, this may be the people of this province cannot look with favor on the Government's discrimination against Protestant Indians. If we are to indoctrinate the red man with creeds and soak him full of catechisms, by all means let the Presbyterians and Episcopalians and Baptists and Methodists have a fair shot at him. Though we may look with a certain amount of doubt on the efforts of over-zealous priests and parsons while they labor with Mr. Lo, by all means let them have fair play. Though a gallon of whisky will go further in a colony of Christian Indians than five hundred dollars' worth of preaching we do not want the preachers to be handicapped. Mr. Dewdney may have good reasons for believing Roman Catholicism better fitted to the aborigines than the Westminster Confession, but he has proven himself a mighty poor politician in so declaring. There are men who would declare they could take a barrel of rum and change the most fervent Catholic settlement of Indians into good Methodists in half an hour, yet this does not prove that the Methodist missionary should have his doctrines opposed by a declaration that the Protestant Indians sha'n't receive any support from the Government.

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Bad sewerage is driving this town to drink. If a man can't drink water he must drink something. Beer suggests itself, for it is not everyone who cares for milk or soda water or sarsaparilla or ginger ale, or the other inventions of people who think stimulants the road to perdition. Typhoid fever is in itself dreadful, but the fear of it, as an excuse, is worse still. After a man leaves home in the morning until he gets back at night he is apt to want a drink. What shall he take? The temperance people of Toronto are thus confronted by an important problem. Of course they will say typhoid is preferable to delirium tremens, but this is no answer. The average citizen will take chances of the latter to avoid the former. Have we come to the point when boiled water stands will have to be established in the interests of temperance?

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Those who are fretting about the McKinley bill may rest in peace. Nothing we have to sell has been bought by the Yankees if they could get it as cheaply at home. If a measure is threatened by Congress or becomes law heavily taxing our products, we may be sure the large and influential section of the voters and workers affected in the United States will rebel and make their influence felt. We can do little or nothing at best. If the measure is not understood we can explain, but if this has no effect and no large or influential body is concerned we can do nothing in any case. We cannot expect Yankeedom to legislate for us either with or without a reciprocity treaty, and the better we succeed in preserving our composure and dignity, the better we shall be off in the end.

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I have had a considerable number of letters, mostly from young men, telling me how hard they find work after holidays, the image of some fair summer girl obscuring very often the pages of the ledger or dimming the figures on the price list or haunting the dull sheets of the brief. Perhaps the older men are more reticent or less impressionable, but they have nothing to say.

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A lady writes a charming letter descriptive of her woes, when after her playtime she came back and found her cook and nursery maid gone. The point of comfort found by many is in thinking of those poor drudges who have neither holidays nor home comforts, and truly enough this should cause us to cease complaining.

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Owing to a long article on the R. C. Yacht Club my fishing screed has to stay out another week.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The tennis tournament has been engaging the time and attention of large numbers this week. Handsome men in the regulation flannels are always attractive, but when good play is added the interest naturally deepens. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Miss Helen Beardmore, Miss Fanny Small, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, the Misses Yarker, Miss Dalker, Mrs. Rynald Gamble, Miss Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. Edin Heward, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Meifort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, and Messrs. Jones, Hollyer, W. W. Jones, and Cawthra.

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Sir Alexander Campbell has left the city for a short stay in Boston.

*

Mrs. Meyrick Bankes has returned to Chesnut Park after her tour abroad.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr are home from their summer tour in Europe.

*

Mrs. Torrance has returned to Toronto after her trip abroad, and has taken up housekeeping on Grosvenor street.

*

Mrs. George Milligan and Miss Milligan returned from Port Cockburn, Muskoka, last Monday, and left last Saturday for the Taous and Islands, where they will remain until Mr. Milligan's return from Europe.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones are in town again.

*

Miss Fanny Smith is home, after a summer's outing in Rimouski, and a short stay in Montreal on the way home.

*

Mrs. Bristol of Huron street is in the city again after a holiday absence.

*

Mrs. Tanner and Miss Fargo of Buffalo, N. Y., are in town attending the tennis tournament.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford have returned from their honeymoon and taken up housekeeping on Euclid avenue. Mrs. Rutherford will receive next week.

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Mr. Robert Lovell, Mrs. Lovell and family of Beverley street, Mrs. Lake, Miss Browne, Mrs. Savigny, Miss Ruth Morphy, and Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw and family have returned to town after a lengthy stay at Sandbanks, Prince Edward County.

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Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have returned from Georgian Bay.

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A correspondent writes me the following: "It is generally the unexpected which happens and my experience last Friday night at the Arlington, Hamilton Beach, was by no means an exception to the rule. I had received an invitation during the day to join the Beach residents and their guests at the final hop of the season, and I must confess it was with many misgivings that I accepted the hospitable invitation of my Hamilton friends. I needn't have troubled myself. A nicer, jollier, more hospitable function I have not enjoyed for many a season past. Hamilton may be behind London, England, in lots of things, but the successful management of an impromptu dance isn't one of them. I had unpleasant visions, on starting, of having Hobson's choice in being slowly boiled in the dance-room or frozen out on the verands, and once again I have realized how much more humanity suffers in the anticipation rather than the realization of woe. As the train, which left Hamilton shortly after eight, pulled up at the Arlington a half-hour later, we were hailed by the watch on the Arlington 'look out' and introduced by the various members of a most effective committee to all the nicest people there. This included everyone, and in less time than it takes me to write it, the dancing had begun. The programme included some twenty dances with the usual extras. But it isn't the dances people want to read about—and the people are right—'tis the folks who were there, the decorations, the committee, etc., etc. The committee proved itself an excellent one, and had made thoughtful provision for various tastes and divers people. If you wanted dancing you were not disappointed; were cards your special diversion, then the courtly ace down to the lowly deuce were at your especial service; or, younger in years and more romantically inclined, did you prefer a half hour's dreamy sit-out on the verands, were there not the pleasant waters of Ontario bathed in shimmering silver 'neath the soften'd glance of the chaste young harvest moon. (Whew!!!) Or, if you have reached that age (which ladies never do) when one is more interested in the supper than the dances, here you were most completely and satisfactorily provided for. None of your paltry French kickshaws, but an honest, sensible array of such substantial eatables as always appeal in eloquent fashion to every right-minded Briton. Nor should I forget the honest work done by the Decoration committee whose members brought much taste and many pretty pieces of bunting to bear in working up to the really admirable effect shown by their work last Friday night. In short, all sorts and conditions of human dispositions were expected and duly provided for; so well, indeed, were they provided for that it was not until 1.30 a.m., and midst the indignant tooting by the exasperated engineer of a much delayed train, that the last visitor was safely placed aboard. The soft strains of "Good Night, Ladies!" by the musical Beachers left behind brought to a most successful close the final hop of the hospitable Beach residents. The stewards were Messrs. P. D. Crerar, William Bowman, C. Ferrie, A. R. Gates, T. Wanzer, W. E. Boyd and H. C. Baker. Among many others present were Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. Wanzer, Mrs. Markscheffel, Mrs. S. H. Moore, Miss Birdie Moore, the Misses Hobson, Mrs. and the Misses Bowman, Miss Herald, the Misses Hendrie, Miss Kate Leggatt, Mr. J. Leggatt, Mr. Sidney Saunders, Mr. R. B. Ferrie, Mr. Campbell Ferrie, Mr. William Bowman, Mr. C Bowman, Mr. C. Powis, Mr. and Mrs. Powis, Miss Eva Powis, Dr. and Mrs. Woolverton, Dr. Lafferty, Mr. and Miss Ghent, Miss Laud, Mr. Denholm Burns, Mr. A. R. Gates, Mr. F. W. Gates, jr., Miss McInnes, Miss Scott, Mr. Stuart McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Wanzer, Mr. and Mrs. Papps, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Row, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. A. Morgan, Mrs. Macgoughlin, Master Macgoughlin, Mr. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Miss Darknell, Mrs. E. G. Payne, Mr. Land, Mr. H. C. Barker, Miss Barker, Miss Brotherhood, Mr. Powis and Miss Powis, Miss Mills, Mr. Alec and Miss Gartshore, Mr. C. Bullen, Mr. M. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mackelcan, Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Mr. Rickets, Mr. Alec Duncan, Frank Luader, Mrs. J. T. Glassco, Miss Glassco, Miss Grace Glassco, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Tucket, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Counsel, Mr. H. Glassco, Mr. R. Tasker Steele, Mrs. Steele, Miss Roe, Mr. Lindsay.

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Mrs. Randolph Macdonald and family have returned from Metis, Que., after a two months' visit.

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Mrs. J. R. Barnhart of St. Paul is visiting in the city.

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Wednesday of next week will see three of Toronto's well-known bachelors end their lone career, for on that day Mr. Jim Scott and Miss Guthrie of Guelph, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet and Miss Smith, sister of Mrs. J. Bruce Morrison, and Mr. Beau Jarvis and Miss Stewart of Hamilton, are to be joined in the bonds.

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Social life in London has its ills, it would seem, and the following wail of discomfort will prove a little amusing to Canadians: The town houses of aristocrats where these comprehensive gatherings are given are very large and built with a view to entertaining on an extensive scale. Yet with picture galleries, conservatories, and boudoirs all thrown into one vast succession of apartments, they utterly fail to accommodate the company. Of course it is a compliment to be asked to meet these "lords of high degree," but there is considerably more honor than amusement in it, and the only things one really appreciates are the ceiling, frescos and the floral decorations. All the rest is screened by a surging multitude of guests. These first spend many weary hours disentangling themselves from an endless line of carriages blocking the square. Then comes the painfully slow process of working one's way up the shallow stairs, where rows of powdered footmen stand, bawling names one to another as the guests are announced. There is nothing to do but be patient and move with the tide. Simply "stand for awhile on one foot first, then stand for awhile on t'other," and examine the clasp of the woman's necklace in front. When wraps are removed and one finally gets into the whirl of the ball-room there comes a hideous suspicion that in ten minutes more one's gauze gown will be completely rent away, with a number of mortifying results to follow. Those who enjoy the benefit of experience never think of wasting their delicate gossamer frocks on one of these state affairs. Lace, tulle, and crepy toilets are reserved for dinners, musicales, and the like; to balls only the stoutest of silks and velvets are worn. But even when all doubts of retaining one's clothes are removed there is very little genuine pleasure to be had. Just five feet away may stand one's best-beloved friend, and yet no means at hand to communicate. Dancing is a delusion fatal in its effect; supper an end rarely to be attained; and after studying the mural decorations, marveling over the display of flowers, and churning about in one small space all evening, the chaperon gives the signal to recommence the stair and carriage scramble over again. After attending half a dozen of these tremendous receptions, one gradually becomes convinced that both hosts and guests have the *Court Journal* of next morning in view, rather than any pleasure of the night.

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Mrs. Charles Cooper of Parkdale is home again from her lengthened stay at Orchard Beach.

*

The Misses Thomson have returned from Europe to their home, 80 Czar street.

*

Miss Maud Snarr of Huron street, who has been rusticating on Scugog Island for the past month, returned home Monday.

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A well-attended children's party took place last Saturday, at Monreith House, Hanlan's Island. There were about forty five children present, and they enjoyed themselves immensely through the good management of Miss Cleary, their hostess.

*

White Hall, Churchville, was the scene of a pleasant wedding ceremony on Wednesday last, when George W. Crawford was wedded to Sophy C. Reeve. The bride was attended by Miss L. Hurdon of Brantford, Miss S. Graham of Meadowvale and Miss Gertie Reeve, her sister, while Mr. J. F. Gray of Toronto acted as groomsman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. W. Wicks, assisted by Rev. R. Boyle. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were the recipients of many gifts and congratulations from the little company which had been invited to witness their marriage.

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Col. and Mrs. Grassett are in town again, after a holiday by the sea, at Magnolia.

*

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke have returned from their trip to New Brunswick.

*

Miss Louisa Davis of McCaul street has returned to the city after a six weeks' trip to Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

The annual tennis tournament, which is always so eagerly looked forward to, not only by the fashionables of the town, but by numbers who come from a distance purposely for it, and the numerous other gaieties which follow in its wake, is a thing of the past, at least so far as this season is concerned, but not soon will Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week be forgotten. Play began on the morning of the first mentioned day. The weather could not have been finer, and the attendance was remarkably good, but the following day was so wet that, with the exception of two matches, one in the morning, and the other quite late in the afternoon, play had to be discontinued, and the grounds of the Queen's Royal looked very deserted and gloomy compared with the gay, animated scene they had presented on Thursday. It would be difficult to find a more lovely place for a tennis tournament, and those present were unanimous in the opinion that the energetic committee had left nothing undone which could in any way have made the tournament a greater success. At none held here so far has the attendance been so large, and the play, which was unusually brilliant, certainly merited the applause which was so heartily given. Among those looking on were a number of Buffalo's fairest, which probably accounted for the enthusiastic recognition of any exceptionally good play by the Americans, while equally good or exciting play shown by the Canadians failed some times to elicit the applause it deserved. However, as the majority of the spectators were ladies—many from the American border—it was only natural that partiality should outcrowd justice and applause be showered upon the players rather then directed towards the play. One of the most exciting matches was played on Friday, in spite of the sorry condition of the rain soaked ground, being one of the semi-finals in the doubles between Gordon McKenzie and Plummer of Toronto and the young Chase brothers of Rochester, resulting after some grand play on both sides in a victory for Toronto, but Rochester may be proud of her representatives, for the two well known players of Toronto had to exert themselves to the utmost to win the match which their youthful opponents were not far from gaining. Some good play was expected, but a slight young boy of only thirteen holding his own in the way he did against a champion like Mr. McKenzie was a sight the spectators were quite unprepared for. Another very interesting match was that which took place Saturday morning between Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Plummer and Mr. Tanner, Buffalo's champion, and Mr. Smith. Some beautiful play was witnessed in this, and excitement ran high, but to the great disappointment of everyone present Mr. Plummer was obliged to leave by the afternoon boat, and one of the best matches of the tournament went by default to the Americans. Some of the others whose splendid play aroused very hearty applause from those lookt on were Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines, Mr. Wood of London and Mr. Foulkes of Niagara Falls. It was altogether a most successful tournament, the final match being played off on Monday morning between Mr. Gordon McKenzie, winner of the challenge cup two years ago, and Mr. Tanner, the champion of Buffalo, who won it last year. The match was naturally a most exciting one, as the winner this year became the possessor of the very handsome cup competed for, and it was only after a hard fight that Mr. Tanner came off victorious amid the congratulations of his friends. In the afternoon the ladies contered tried the year, but on Saturday a false alarm and a hope speedily doomed to disappointment was caused by the appearance upon the courts of Miss Allie Bunting and Miss Kirkpatrick arrayed in tennis costume, armed with racquets and accompanied by Mr. Wood and Mr. Swabey, but after a rather lengthy discussion, in which some difficulty was apparently too troublesome to overcome, the interesting group disappeared and the disappointed spectators waited in vain for the realization of their hopes. Among those whom I noticed looking on were: Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and Miss Gwynne, Mrs. T. M. Morson, Miss Munro, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mr. G. Shaw, Mr. L. Armstrong, Miss Baldwin, Miss Alice Baldwin, Miss A. Morson, Miss Gale, Miss Baker, Miss Stevenson, Mr. Robert Morrison, Mr. Hill of Niagara Falls, Mr. Pauw, Miss Paffard, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. MacDougall, Miss Strathy, Miss B. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. S. Strathy, Miss M. Cameron, Mr. T. Chisholm, Mr. George Hart, Mr. McMann, Mr. J. Gilitenden, Mr. Loutz, Miss Bunting, Rev. J. C. Garrett, Mr. J. M. Geale, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss F. Smith, Mr. Bunting, Mrs. J. Foy, Capt. R. G. Dickson of Galt, Miss Shankline, Mr. F. Brown, Miss Brown of Buffalo, Mr. Harding, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Miss M. Kerr, MissInce, Mr. T. Ince, Miss Katie Griffith, Miss J. Watt, Mr. Watts Lansing, Miss Milloy, Mr. H. Watt, Miss Cameron, Miss Moffat of Buffalo, Mr. C. Lansing.

On Thursday evening a concert and hop was given in the ball-room of the Queen's, which was most enjoyable, quite a large number attending both. Those who took part in the concert were: Mr. J. Mundie, whose song, I Am Waiting, proved to be one of the greatest treats of the evening. Mr. J. K. Pauw, in an imitation of Henry Irving in The Bells. The Misses Osborne, played a very pretty violin duet, The Night Owls. Mrs. Wigmore sang Marguerite very sweetly and with a great amount of feeling and, later on, Caller Herrin, giving as an encore Comin' thro' the Rye. The musical portion of the evening over, the room was quickly cleared for dancing, which commenced about 10 o'clock. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy, Miss Strathy, Miss B. Strathy, Mrs. Arnold and Mr. A. Arnold of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mrs. Reynolds of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Constance Hewgill of St. Louis, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Capt. R. G. Dickson of Galt, Mr. Wood, Mr. Rykert, Miss M. Geale, Miss Munro, Miss Baker of Buffalo, Miss M. Kerr, Miss Katie Griffith, Miss Geddes, Mr. F. Brown, Jr., Mr. Pauw, Mr. L. Nelles, Mrs. Charles Ball, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. F. Koyvett and Mr. Mowat.

On Friday night the ball-room was very prettily decorated for the german, which a party of twenty girls and twenty young men from Buffalo undertook to carry through. Bunting was draped artistically down the sides

(*Continued on page Eleven.*)

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Russian Nets, Frillings, Laces Veilings, etc.
Special reductions will now be made in Trimmed Millinery for the balance of the season.
Dressmaking Department under first-class management.

DANCING
NOTICE—At the recent Convention of the National Association of Dancing Masters (of which Prof. J. P. Davis is a member), held two days in Washington, D. C., and two days in Baltimore, Md., out of 91 members
ONLY TWO
were nominated for the office of President, viz: Prof. J. P. Davis of Toronto, Ont., and Prof. E. W. Masters of Boston, Mass. Prof. Davis declined the honor in favor of Prof. Masters.
The fact of being nominated to fill the high position of President of the Association serve to show that Prof. Davis is held very high in the estimation of the dancing masters of America. Judging by the number of pupils (ladies, juveniles and gentlemen) that are pouring in at the opening of this, his 32nd season in Toronto, Prof. Davis is held equally high in the estimation of the citizens of Toronto—many thanks—new academy 102 Wilton avenue, cor. of Mutual street.

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The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
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TRY THEM

A Fortunate Escape.

Manservant—Sir, I had the misfortune to drop your coat out of the window as I was brushing it.

Officer—Hum! It's lucky I wasn't in it at the time.

Uncomfortable Pathos.

During the performance of a tragedy a bald headed gentleman, looking up into the gallery, said: "My dear madam I respect your emotion, but the truth is, you are shedding tears on my head."

Boudoir Gossip.

September is generally a month of weddings, and we shall soon hear the glad chimes which announce wedded lives. Perhaps in our country too much thought is given to the bridal gown and the daintiest girl-bride looks, as a rule, painfully embarrassed by her glistening and rich apparel, losing all the sweet girlishness which simplicity of costume would doubly enhance. Writing on this subject an Englishwoman says:

Why do not brides, when a wedding is to be simple, wear some white muslin costume trimmed with valenciennes or mechlin, and sashed and bowed with white satin ribbon like a christening cap? It would be much prettier than the eternal satin dress moulding the body, and the interminable train. A few orange blossoms in the hair and corsage would tell better with muslin, and particularly Indian muslin, than with a stuff the rich sheen of which takes from the brightness of the wearer's eyes and the fresh glow of her cheeks. What I hate in the grand silk or satin wedding dress is the strong suggestion it makes of stiff lining and an inelegant wrong side. There would be nothing of this in daintily made up India muslin and mecklin. But the feet should be perfect, and the shoes and stockings as elegant as the dress. Large feet do with a rustling silk or satin skirt, adorned at the edge with a box pleating and sprigs of orange-blossom. They would be caricatural with a girlish skirt of fine lace and muslin.

About color in dress, it has been said that a woman should have all her gowns of two colors. One color should match her eyes and the other her hair. It may be quite scientifically correct; but women have learned little games more telling than that common place advice. She may match her eyes and hair in her street gowns—those trim creations which are all expensive cloth and perfect cut, but in the house she studies light shade and surroundings. She chooses if she is wise a delicate shade under strong light, and lets her eyes give color to her face. The brown-eyed woman knows that creamy tints, faint yellows and tawny buff add a glorious depth to the shade of her eyes, and she wears them—her colors at all times. For each of us there is some especial color. Some one of the various shades that brings out the best and covers the worst in the coloring or shape of our faces. We are wise if we adhere to the right one, and walk secure in the comfortable knowledge that our gowns are not poking fun at our complexions.

Foulard gowns are to be used for economical evening dresses, says Dame Fashion. In all things let us study economy, but if I may be permitted to wail out a protest I would venture to inquire in what the economy consists when the gown is flounced, cascaded, edged and festooned with expensive lace. Ribbon, too, is added, and by the time my lady pays the bills for her inexpensive gown she will wearily wish she had purchased a better quality of material and economized in the ornamentation.

The newest neck dressing is a ruche of fine lace trimmed muslin or crepe. It is a decided success in Paris, so they say, and of course thick-necked women will be sure to fall in love with the idea. Even those with slim throats will look like a dear little pug doggie with a new collar, but still they will be worn. By all means let everybody have one. They are very fashionable and very scratchy.

Long veils are worn on the street again. Prettily-tinted gauze is eagerly purchased by the wise damsel of fashion. She winds it about her hat, and ties it in all its fluffy beauty, in a cute little bow beneath her chin. It creates a desirable mist of distance, winning much favor for that, and the drawn down ends make, besides, a becoming frame for well-rounded chin and delicately-tinted cheeks.

An English paper says: "Smoking appears to be on the increase among women, as anyone would agree who had opportunities of seeing parties by the river, in house-boats or boating. The cigarette is quite a feature of the function among the feminine portion of the assemblage on such occasions, and they seem to enjoy their tobacco even more appreciatively, if possible, than men." There are women who "see no harm" in smoking cigarettes. There are some who do not like it, but assert that "one grows accustomed to seeing women smoke," and others who feel strongly opposed to it. There is something degrading in the clouds of smoke which twirl about the fluffy hair of a woman-smoker. It takes a long while to associate a right-minded woman and a cigarette, and the loosening of the reins of true womanliness is saddening to most of us.

I remember a cigarette which appeared in a play once upon a time, and I shall not soon forget the feeling of disgust I entertained for the woman who puffed at it so lazily, and yet in such an entirely graceful way. We can grow accustomed to anything, but when the hardening process is long and painful, when the whole being shrinks from it with aversion, it is better that it were prevented from being completed. Women do not use cigarettes with impunity. They lose something of their daintiness, some portion of the much-prized down from the peach, and should faces not be turned against everything that soils a pure womanhood—making it less effective for right example, less worthy of true respect?

An amused crowd of small boys and girls were closely gathered about a hand-organ with a monkey attachment. The spry little animal was of the type of monkey which would have been comedian in a man. He frisked about with evident enjoyment, and played the leading part in a very delightful little comedy on Carlton street. The monkey's master had just stationed himself beneath a window, and his agile collector of coin made his way to the ledge of a closed window immediately above. A lady sat at the window, and, by some strange chance did not see his monkeyship till he was close beside her. I caught a glimpse of her horrified white face, and that, combined with the alacrity with which she disappeared into the gloom behind, drew a long chorus of laughter from the urchins beneath the window, while the passers-by smiled mischievously, too. The little clown himself seemed cross, for he twirled about on the narrow ledge, and then thumped against the window with his paid little head. I wanted to stay and see the end of that performance, but "circumstances combined," etc., and I passed along, accompanied by a full-grown wonder as to whether the monkey managed to establish any paying sympathy between his grotesque little self and the startled occupant of the room.

Why are women not better pedestrians? Physicians say that walking is the best exercise one can take, while in pure air it is doubly helpful, for it is a tonic as well. In summer the non-walkers say languidly, "It's too hot." In winter they vary the letter but not the spirit of the remark, and shiveringly affirm that the weather is entirely too cold to walk about.

Just now they cannot talk in that way, and no one who has tramped about during the cool days of August can find any fault with the weather. It is perfect. A walk in the gray dusk has charms peculiarly its own, and the swinging shadows created by the brilliant electric light are delightful to watch as they dance among the trees. Sunny afternoons are excellent excuses for long tramps into the country, while a morning walk with the freshest of morning air and the flowers with their dew only half-sipped by the sun, is perhaps the most invigorating of all. All other accomplishments should be dwarfed by the ability to walk well and untiringly. It gives mind and body a splendid chance in life, and is an education productive of the highest order of health and happiness. CLIP CREW.

Her Button-Hook.

If the average young man, with no experience in either direction, were given his choice between finding Ujiji, interior Africa, and a button-hook in the pocket of a black dress hanging on the third hook on the right-hand side of the back closet, he would select the button-hook and strike out blindly and fail. In this, as in other things, Stanley has shown himself to be no ordinary man—he went after Ujiji first, and found it, and now he has come back to attempt to teach us how to spell African names, and, perhaps, to undertake the other task. It is a task which, we suspect, comes sooner or later to every married man. The wife of his bosom stands—or, perhaps, we should say, sits, since statistics show that nine out of ten women sit on the floor to put on their shoes—she sits, we say, helpless, with two hair-pins and a safety-pin in her mouth, and directs her husband to proceed to the closet and get a button-hook which is in the pocket of her cashmere dress. He—good, easy man—fastens on one cuff and goes like a lamb to the slaughter. He searches the first ten minutes in a silk dress instead of the cashmere. Then, with copious directions and explanatory notes from the floor, he locates the right gown hanging, as he was told in the first place, on the third hook, right-hand side. There it hangs, limp and innocent. He puts his hand in what he conceives to be the pocket, and gradually dives deeper, till he is surprised to see the hand, with fingers spread wide apart, emerge from the bottom of the skirt. It says nothing, but renews the attack. There are, in an ordinary dress, between thirty and forty places where this operation may be repeated, and as there is no way of distinguishing between a canon which has been explored and one which has not, the ordinary man will go down each one five or six times. Perhaps he becomes impatient and something rash, and is rebuked from the floor. Now comes his severest trial. He feels the pocket with its button-hook, and handkerchief, and letter from his wife's mother, and recipe for sponge-cake, and half a dozen samples of dress-goods, and two hair-pins, and recipe for currant jelly, and other trifles indigenous to the locality—he feels it, we repeat, from the outside, and foolishly thinks his task almost done. Alas! what a worm of the dust is man, especially under the circumstances. It were better for this man that he stood in Africa searching for Napplejak near Bogstie Bogstie, which places, as every intelligent student of the dark continent knows, are over two thousand miles apart. Finding the pocket on the outside means—nothing. It is no clew to the entrance. The weary young husband searches on, his work punctuated by his wife, who still has the floor. Reason at length topples on her throne. He pulls down the unoffending gown, hook and all. He utters a wild cry, and tears the helpless front breadths from the unresisting back drapery. Shreds of black cashmere fly through the startled air. The illusive pocket strikes him on the nose, still he can not get into it. Then his wife comes and rescues the garment with tears, but firmly puts her hand in the pocket at the first move, and the young husband retreats down-stairs covered with shame and ignominy.—*New York Tribune.*

She was Undecided.

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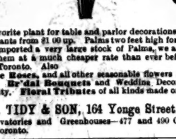
"To tell you the truth, I'm in a bit of a fix. If I decide to wear my cream-colored dress at the wedding, I shall take Alphonse, as he is dark complexioned, you know; but if I decide to go in my blue dress, I rather think fair Joseph will make the better match of the two."

PALMS



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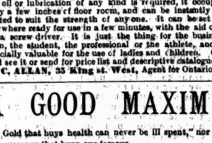

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WHEN THE BREACH WAS WIDEST.

It was not difficult for Gladys to carry out her intentions towards Rupert Landon, for Chandos never inquired where she went or how she spent her time; he trusted her implicitly; and, although he noticed that he did not see so much of her as he used, he made no remark. She spent much of her leisure with Rupert, finding it easy to make excuses for her absence from home when it was necessary to do so. The young fellow now lay most days on the sofa in the pretty rooms at Highgate which Gladys had obtained for him, and she felt happy in ministering to his wants.

She began to dread the calm soft tones of her husband, who rarely spoke to her now; but she was colder, more indifferent and difficult than ever, jealous of the slightest crossing of her will or pleasure. Wider and wider grew the breach between them, although they never spoke unkindly to each other. To both a quarrel would have been out of the question—indeed there was no cause, no ground for anything so vulgar; and, if Chandos did not see his wife from morning till night, he showed no sign of being offended. Sometimes she pictured to herself what he would do if she told Him all—the way in which he would raise his eyes and seem to read her very soul. His voice would not lose its calm languid tone, he would utter no word of reproach, he would not say whether he condemned her or not; but he would tell her quietly that the world would never believe her, and that she held the honor of his name in her hands.

She had often now to ask him for money; for she dared not make any difference in her private expenditure, and she was extravagant by nature. She could not part with any of her jewels for fear her husband should notice their absence; and, although she never said distinctly that the money she asked for was for dress, she allowed him to understand that it was. In vain she tried to lull her pricking conscience; she knew that she was wronging Chandos; and a terrible warfare was going on in her heart; for, when she said defiantly, "He is cold—indifferent! If I cling to the only happiness I know, it is his fault!" another voice pleaded his cause, and told her that he trusted her, though he did not love her—he was kind, even though he was cold.

The glorious summer time came, and lower and lower sank the sands of Rupert Landon's life; while paler and prouder, and yet more sorrowful, grew the face of Lady Gladys. Grave and stern were her husband's eyes as he noticed her altered looks. He knew that she put off engagements, gave up visits of pleasure or duty, to take solitary journeys he knew not whither. He saw her grow restless and anxious. On one occasion, when she told him that she was at a certain house at a particular time, he accidentally discovered that she saw not there; and he began to recall many strange incidents that he had passed by almost unnoticed. He told himself however that his wife was above suspicion; still he could not help reflecting that he had neglected nothing to bind her to him and her home.

One day he was sitting in the library writing letters, when Gladys suddenly entered the room and stood by the mantelpiece, toying with the trinkets attached to her watch-chain. She was looking strangely beautiful, although her face was deathly pale, and her eyes looked weary and sad, with dark shadows beneath them.

"Do you want me?" he inquired, glancing up at her.

"I don't want to interrupt you," she answered. "I came to ask you for a check—if it is convenient. Fifty pounds will do."

Chandos laid down his pen and, leaning back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head.

"You are getting awfully extravagant, Gladys," he said lazily; "and yet I don't see any great difference in your dress."

She flushed crimson, and then as suddenly grew pale, and for one moment raised her eyes to his; then she answered coldly:

"You have always told me to spend what I pleased—I am obeying you. If there is greater expense than you like, I dare say I can retrench."

"I dare say you could—in these extra things," he returned, in his usual even tones; then, changing his careless attitude, he bent forward a little, and looked straight into her eyes, toying with a pen as he did so. "Are you going to tell me, Gladys," he said, "that this money for which you have asked me from time to time goes to pay Madame Bertrand's bills?"

Gladys stood perfectly motionless for a few moments after he had spoken; then suddenly her eyes flashed with scornful indignation and her lip curled proudly as she swept towards the door.

"You take a new *role!*" she said, disdainfully. "I confess I never expected to hear Chandos Ermsleigh catechise his wife on the amount of her milliner's bills!"

He rose quietly but quickly from his chair, and intercepted her as she approached the door, raising his hand to intimate that she was to stay.

"It is a new *role* for me to take," he admitted, "and one that I do not like. I have no desire to interfere with you in any way—I never have done so, and I am never likely to so long as you give me no cause."

"Well?"

"If your own conscience acquits you, Gladys," he continued calmly, "I have nothing more to say. You alone can tell whether I have cause to interfere with you in any way."

"Of what do you accuse me!" she demanded.

"I accuse you of nothing, Gladys. You are my wife, and should be above suspicion."

"If you have nothing to accuse me of, I have nothing to answer," she said haughtily. "The world will never point at Gladys Ermsleigh and say she is false to your name."

Before he could make any reply there was a knock at the door, and he stepped forward and opened it.

"A telegram, sir," said the servant. "It hasn't your name, but the address is all right. Will you take it, sir?"

Chandos glanced at Gladys before he answered, and the expression on her face prompted him to say:

"It is quite right—thanks;" and the man retired. "It has a wrong name," said Chandos, walking towards the writing-table—"Mrs. Austed."

With a cry of agony Lady Gladys sank upon her knees at his feet, stretching out her hands.

"It is mine," she cried—"give it to me, Chandos! You dare not withhold it!"

He pushed her gently away from him, and the expression in his eyes made her quail.

"I dare anything, Gladys," he said, tearing open the envelope. "Are you Mrs. Austed? Am I violating any right of yours?"

He glanced at the telegram and read the simple words:

"Come at once. Rupert Landon is dying, and calls for you."

Chandos put the telegram into her hand.

"Who is Rupert Landon?" he asked.

But he was quite unprepared for the shriek of agony that escaped from her lips as she burang to her feet and endeavored to withdraw her hand from his strong clasp.

"I have done you no wrong—believe me!" she declared. "Let me see him—he is dying! Oh, Chandos, in pity let me pass—I must go to him!"

But his hand was still closed round hers like a vice.

"I must see him—I must go!" she cried. "Oh, Chandos, it is the last time—only once more! He is dying—it cannot hurt you now!"

"Cannot hurt me, when you have forgotten to guard my honor and yours? I ask again, who is this man who dares to call for my wife? What is he to you? I will have an answer, Gladys!"

"The only being who ever loved me," she replied passionately—"the only being whom I love! I have guarded all you care about—there can be no whisper against your name. This dying man and I were children together; I heard that he was ill and poor and wretched. You gave me no affection. Am I a statue? Could I live only to look at you? The time is flying—he will die—I shall not see him! Let me go to him!"

He released her then, and laid his hand upon the handle of the door.

"Yes; you may go to him," he said, in a calm passionless voice—"it is for the last time; but I still await a full explanation." He paused a moment, and then added, "I shall accompany you, Gladys; it will be too late for you to be out alone."

. . . . . .

"I will wait for you," said Chandos, when the cab stopped at the gate of the house where Rupert Landon lay dying; and he did not look after the slender form that passed quickly up the garden path.

Gladys knelt by the bedside of the man who had loved her "not wisely, but too well!"—who, during the long weeks in which he had been hovering on the borderland of the kingdom of death, had grown to look upon her as an angel of light to be worshipped, rather than a woman to be loved. She was for some minutes as tearless and still as the form that lay before her, yet she felt more as she had never suffered before. For Rupert Landon had died, they told her, even while she was journeying thither; he had opened his eyes and called her name, "Gladys!" and had murmured with his last breath, "Gladys, tell him!" Chandos, holding her back by force in the library, had robbed him of a last farewell; and the thought filled her with a wild feeling of resentment against him. The only being who had loved her had passed from her life, and all the world was now a bleak desert without a single green spot to break its monotony.

Presently Gladys arose and questioned the nurse concerning the last moments of Rupert's life. She had not known the end was so near, and gathered only from his wanderings where he had spent his last days, Mrs. Austed.

She made no comment, but passed quietly out of the room, which held for her, she thought, more than life.

She did not speak to Chandos, but shrank from him when he offered her his hand to assist her into the cab.

When they reached home, she went swiftly up stairs to her own dressing-room, bidding her maid not to disturb her that night. As she left her she gave up visits of pleasure or duty, to take solitary journeys he knew not whither. He saw her grow restless and anxious. On one occasion, when she told him that she was at a certain house at a particular time, he accidentally discovered that she saw not there; and he began to recall many strange incidents that he had passed by almost unnoticed. He told himself however that his wife was above suspicion; still he could not help reflecting that he had neglected nothing to bind her to him and her home.

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Ordered by Telegram

"Send me down bride in full dress, for Friday evening. H. Smith.

"Walkley Station."

That was the tenor of the telegram, Miss Betsey Blythe knew, because she read it over forty times, if she read it once. She picked it up on the step of the telegraph office, where the lucky recipient thereof must have dropped it—and unluckily the address was torn off the north-east corner of the folded paper.

But Miss Betsey Blythe had not been engaged in looking after her neighbors' doings all her life, to be foiled now. She wiped the street mud off the telegram with her pocket handkerchief, put it safely into her reticule, and carried it home to her sisters, Miss Arethusa and Miss Pamela Blythe.

"There," said she, "didn't I tell you Harold Smith was going to be married on the sly?"

"Goodness me!" said Arethusa.

"It can't be possible," piped Pamela. "But who can the bride be?"

"That's the question," declared Miss Betsey, staring back at the poll parrot's cage in the window. "And Friday is to be the wedding-day."

"Which Friday, I wonder?" said Miss Arethusa.

"Why, this Friday, of course!" pronounced Miss Pamela. "The day after to-morrow, of course; or it would have been a deal easier and cheaper to write instead of telegraphing. Don't you see?"

"Friday's an unlucky day for a wedding," groaned Miss Betsey.

"Just like Harold Smith to get married on a Friday," said Miss Pamela. "He's always making fun of what he calls 'superstitious observances.'"

"Well, I never!" said Miss Arethusa. "Who is the bride, anyhow?"

"If she's a girl of any spirit whatever," tartly observed Miss Betsey, "she won't allow herself to be telegraphed around the country, like a package of dry-goods."

"Some girls will do anything to get married," said Arethusa, with vicious emphasis.

"It's Jessie Mordaunt, of course," decided Pamela. "She's been flirting on and off with Harold Smith for these three years, but I didn't suppose he was foolish enough to fall into her trap!"

"Or perhaps it's Marian Shelton," added Miss Betsey. "I know they've been making up new white silk dress with tablier front, and a trained skirt, at Shelton's. Miss Needle-point told me so, herself. And I can believe any amount of folly of the Shelton family, since they changed that girl's name from Mary Ann to Marian!"

"There's the three Misses Mackenzie, every one of 'em crazy after Harold Smith," suggested Miss Arethusa.

"No," said Miss Pamela, decidedly. "You may be quite certain it's Jessie! Jessie's flighty enough for anything! I think she'd rather enjoy an escapade like that!"

"And I dare say," vindictively added Miss Arethusa, "who was the eldest sister of the three, and the least addicted to favorable views of human nature, "they think it's an unfashionable secret!"

"Walkley station is only three-quarters of an hour from New York," said Miss Betsey. "Let's go to the wedding!"

"And," added Miss Pamela, in a chuckle, "let's notify all our friends to go!"

For the three Misses Blythe were not pleased that Mr. Harold Smith should presume to take so important a step as that of matrimony, without their consent and advice. Hadn't they known him as a curly-headed lad, before ever he went into college? Hadn't he played many a practical joke upon them, in his wild, rollicking way—and didn't they know perfectly well that he regarded them as three sour, ridiculous, disappointed old spinsters!

And now that they had come into possession of one of his choicest, dearest secrets, it was scarcely in human nature not to be revenged, fully and entirely.

"Do you suppose she'll go out in the cars?" asked Arethusa.

"In full dress! What nonsense," retorted Pamela. "She'll drive, of course, in a carriage!"

"She'll get her death of cold," said Miss Betsey, with a shiver. "Driving fifteen miles in a full-dress!"

"The idea of Harold Smith ordering her around in that majestic fashion!" cried Arethusa. "But, girls, I'll tell you what we will do; we'll go and call on the Mordaunts!"

Mrs. Mordaunt, a pretty, full-blown rose style of matron, was doing crewel-work. Jessie, her daughter, who corresponded with the rosebud of the family, was painting a vase of purple pansies in water-colors. They did not appear in the least like custodians of an important secret; looked surprised when Miss Betsey alluded to the subject of impending marriages, and said they had heard of no wedding in the neighborhood; and they stared when Miss Arethusa asked if they hadn't had a dressmaker in the house lately.

"We always do our own sewing," said Mrs. Mordaunt. "Jessie can fit a dress as well as Madame Mondini herself."

"But for such a very, very important occasion as this," smirked Miss Arethusa.

"We never have any important occasions," laughed Jessie. "Look, Miss Blythe! do you think my pansy petal is as deep a purple as the original?"

And when the three old maids had, at last, taken their departure, Jessie looked at her mother in amazement mingled with mirth.

"Mamma," said she, "what do those old women mean!"

"I think, dear," said Mrs. Mordaunt, "that they are the least bit unsettled in their minds—just a little crazy, you know."

And the Misses Blythe went away, exchanging mysterious glances, and whispering to each other:

"They cannot deceive us!"

The Misses Blythe told everybody they could think of—always in strict confidence, of course. Everybody repeated it to everybody else, and by Friday evening the train to Walkley station was full.

To Miss Betsey Blythe's infinite disappointment, the Smith house, a pretty, old-fashioned mansion with a pillared front, a garden full of clipped box monstrosities, and an octagon conservatory, built out from the south end, was not lighted up after any extraordinary fashion. Mrs. Smith, Harold's mother, a dimpled old lady, in a white cap and gleaming gold spectacle-glasses, was knitting, half asleep, when the three Misses Blythe were ushered in, followed by a crowd of other acquaintances.

"Oh!" said she, rubbing her eyes to make sure that it was not a dream, "this is a surprise party, is it? I'm sure I'm delighted to see you! Only it's a pity Harry isn't at home!"

"My good soul," said Miss Arethusa Blythe, shaking her finger, "it's no use trying to deceive us. We know all—about it!"

"All about what?" said Mrs. Smith.

"About the wedding!" cried out the company, in chorus.

"Whose wedding?" demanded Mrs. Smith.

"Why, Harold's, to be sure!" they responded.

"But Harold isn't going to be married," said Mrs. Smith. "He isn't even engaged! Good gracious! What can have put such a thing into people's heads?"

"It's the telegram," said Miss Pamela.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Mrs. Smith in despair.

"Well, if you won't believe me, you will, perhaps, believe your own eyes," said Miss Betsey Blythe, with dignity, as she drew the telegram from her pocket, and, carefully straightening out its creases, held it up before Mrs. Smith's spectacle glasses.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Smith, at last comprehending a little of this curious net-work of cross-purposes, "it's Bella Smith's big doll!"

"What!" shrieked Miss Arethusa, Miss Pamela and Miss Betsey in chorus.

"What!" more wildly echoed the rest of the assemblage, crowding eagerly around.

"Mrs. Helena Smith's little daughter, across the street," explained Mrs. Smith. "It's her birth-night party, and an immense doll, dressed as a bride, was forwarded by express this after noon! I saw it myself—a perfect beauty, with veil and wreath, white satin boots, buttoned by knobs of pearl, and long-wristed kid gloves, entirely complete! And you thought—you really imagined that my Harold was going to be married secretly, and had telegraphed to New York for his bride!"

The old lady broke out into a fit of soft, sweet-sounding laughter, which shook her as if she had been a mold of jelly. Everybody else laughed, too, except the three Misses Blythe. They only looked blank.

"But, now that you're here," added hospitable Mrs. Smith, "you'll stay to tea, all of you! But you must! The down train doesn't leave Walkley for an hour, and you'll be half starved, now that there is no wedding feast for you. Oh, I insist upon your staying to tea."

The biggest tea kettle in the house was put over to boil, at once; seven pounds of coffee were put into the pot, and the maids ran, one to the muffin-and-crumpet store and cake bakery, the other to the oyster stand, which, luckily, was not yet shut up for the night. And kind Mrs. Smith entertained her unexpected guests with gracious politeness.

But there was no wedding and no bride, except little Nelly Smith's wax bride, across the street; and the three Misses Blythe went back to New York, sadder and wiser women.

And what was, perhaps, the most desirable result: they resolved to adhere, thenceforth, to the eleventh commandment.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; A Born Coquette, by The Duchess. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Tony.—You are likely very vain, Topsy—yes, vain and flippant, but cheerful, frank and ambitious.

Eurydice and Elephant.—Self-assuming, vain, careless, ostentatious, cheerful, hopeful and sincere.

Z, Deseronto.—You are probably cynical, fond of company, generous, sympathetic and impulsive.

Joe.—Your writing reveals tact, energy, good sequence of ideas, persistent will, jealousy and tenderness.

Euterpe, Muskoka.—You are probably orderly, steadily ambitious, versatile, self-reliant and courageous.

Eileen and Lorna.—Petulance, energy, tact, resentful and wilful temperament, versatility and good intuition.

Maudie M. Mahaffy, Hamilton.—This study shows cunning, so f-will, adroitness in management, some vanity and order.

Jacky.—This study shows vanity, an erratic temperament, justice, perseverance, a sharp tongue and a resentful nature.

Beulah.—Thoughtfulness, charity, geniality, courage, steady ambition and hopeful disposition are shown by your writing.

Victoria.—1. The groom engages only one carriage—the one in which he drives to the church. The bride returns with him.

A Toronto Girl.—You are doubtless energetic, hasty, kind-hearted, self-sacrificing, and persevering. 2 It is formed.

Gwendolyn, Deseronto.—This writing shows tact, vivacity, some carelessness, wilfulness, sense of beauty and versatility.

Hazel.—The heliotrope will be becoming if you are not pale or sallow. 2. I wish I could tell you what you ask, but how could I?

Judith.—1. See Juanita. 2. You should write me a description of condition of your hair. Is it harsh or overly fine or heavy?

Rust.—Goldsmith is the author of the Vicar of Wakefield. 2. Writing reveals tenderness, timidity, some vanity and perhaps laziness.

Dolores.—You are probably brave, a little reserved, quietly humorous, self reliant, just and careful in speech; will not patiently listen to evil.

Chicora.—It is not simply unlady like to do as you say, but it is unwomanly. Do not by any means ever do so. For delineation see Cleola.

Nip, Tuck and Bill Jones.—Shrewdness, petulance, self-assertion, ostentation and self-esteem are the most prominent characteristics of your writing.

Cleola.—If you have failed to remember the name you may ask for it. This writing shows energy, despotic will, flippancy, suspicion and thoughtlessness.

Mysterious Paradox, Godwich.—This study shows a wilful nature, hasty temper, jealousy, ambition, impulse and wit. 2 Why do you "hanker for a real?"

Vixen, Goderich.—This specimen of handwriting shows a fluctuating ambition, a rather too romantic disposition, energy, self-will, pride and suspicion.

Princess, Barrie.—Tenderness, delicacy of feeling, self-reliance, merriment and generosity are indicated by your writing. 2 The gentleman should be first.

Alma, Barrie.—You have a persistent will, much warmth of temper and affection, but are withal a cheerful companion, though rather inclined to obstinacy.

Pert Stanley.—1. It would altogether depend upon the reason for the headache's being. Consult a good physician. Writing shows impulse, order, generosity, good intuition and wilfulness.

G. F.—The tin-type is rather indistinct. Self-will, earnestness in any undertaken enterprise, petulance, sensitiveness and an ever-ready sympathy are clearly shown. Have returned portrait.

Jerry Week.—You positively must not "next issue" me. It is my very touchiest point. The writing indicates irritability, jealousy, self-reliance, self-esteem, and a cordiality which is forced.

Pansy F., Grimsby.—The strength of vision is accountable for the variation in size. Your writing shows you to be generous, of excitable temper, good intention, some mirthfulness and a capricious disposition.

Queen, Owen Sound.—This writing indicates a vacillating will, sense of beauty, good deductive judgment, pride and an affectionate disposition. The enclosed study shows a jovial and sincere temperament, justice, ostentation, and self-reliance.

Orb or Thun, Woodstock.—The enclosed photograph shows strong self-will, an easily-touched pride, irritability, much gaiety, self reliance, courage, hasty temper and a likelihood of jealousy. Have returned the photograph in the stamped and addressed envelope.

W. H. B. D., Prescott.—Your writing shows a hopeful, generous and tender nature, a love for the beautiful, a rather persistent will and an abruptness of manner of speech. The latter may have started the whole community for the building's position was so prominent.

Juanita.—1 It would depend altogether upon the length of your friendship, but the affair is rather trivial to cause trouble either way. 2 Your temper is hasty, and you are indecisive, reluctant to exert yourself much, rather abrupt in speech and yet you possess considerable tact.

Broken-hearted.—The simple recipes are oftentimes the most successful, and I have known ease to come to pair-tortured feet by an application of batting saturated with camphor and sprinkled with black pepper. 2. Ambition, a generous nature, lively disposition, neatness and persistent will.

Ottawa.—1. One year. 2 Notes of thanks for sympathy are in much better taste. 3 After three months. 4 The questions asked are of course slight guides The name is of no consequence. 5. He is well-known. 6 Your writing shows versatility, steady ambition, order, self-assertion, persistence and frankness.

Sunshine.—I am very glad your character delineation did not rouse a blood-thirsty record for me. No. 1 shows want of order, carelessness and procrastination, generosity, while No. 2 resembles the first, except that it indicates more precision and persistency. No. 3 shows an uncodeed, talkative temperament, sympathetic and sensitive disposition, with great powers of endurance.

Mary Etta.—If you never used rouge, do not begin. Diet and exercise with a care of the general health will bring you as much color as Dame Nature intended you to have, and the old lady usually does things well. Your writing shows you to be rather moody in temperament, a little careless and rather awkward in carriage. You are quiet in disposition and your will is not strong.

One, Two and Three.—The face which bears the first number shows much tenderness, a persistent will, courage, charity, humility in estimate of self and patience. Number two reveals a fun-loving nature, a little carelessness and indulgence, versatility, vivacity, frankness and sense of honor. Number three is that of a thoughtful girl, with good executive ability and much self will and conventionality, tenderness and pride in a marked degree. I have sent the photograph to the enclosed address.

Courting Two Girls.

It takes quite a smart man to court two girls at once, and do it successfully. Where the fun comes in, we do not understand; perhaps, because we have never been and had been courting two girls at the same time.

The man who does this, must be very circumspect and careful, or he may get things mixed. Minnie's picture may be worn when he visits Laura, and *vice versa*, if he be not careful. The lock of fair hair may be brought to the front, when the ebon tress ought to be displayed. The treasured knot of blue ribbon may creep out of the vest-pocket on the heart side, at the very time when it would seem so sweet to her to see the scarlet in its stead.

When the young man who is courting two girls, writes love-letters to them, what if he should put the delicious missives in the wrong envelope!

What if he should take Minnie to the opera, and Laura should sit opposite?

He must be in a perplexed frame of mind for the most of the time. He loves them both the best, and if all were in the river drowning at once, he would not know which to save, and would be obliged to let them drown, and save himself. He is as happy as a prince with either one of them, but it both should appear on the scene at the same time, he would be supremely miserable.

He divides his time between them; he buys candy, and peanuts, and perfumery, for both of them; he plays backgammon with both papas; and holds yarn to wind for both mammas; and allows the little brothers and sisters of both girls to put molasses candy in his whiskers, and cracker crumbs down his back. He admires Minnie's pet cat, and submits to have her rub her hairs off on his black clothes, longing to wring her neck while she does it; and he keeps cool while Laura's poodle snaps at his heels, and tries not to think of hydrophobia when the little wretch's sharp teeth penetrate his cordurovs.

He vows to each fair enslaver that he never loved before. That the sun, and moon, and most of the respectable comets, may fall, before he proves untrue. He hopes the earth may open and swallow him if he ever ceases to love. For him there is but one guiding star—but one beacon—but one heaven—and she is there. Unfortunately, there are two shes in the heavens.

The same catalogue of vows answer in both cases. They are patented, and ready for use on any occasion. Both girls are the dearest, and sweetest, and lovelies, and he is so anxious to marry—so very anxious—just as soon as he sees which *pater familias* is likely to cut down the heaviest in bridal portions. Of course, a young man has to look out for his own interest. He loves them both, but he can marry but one, and as long as his affection for both is so sincere, he must decide in favor of the one whose family desire the most earnestly to get rid of her, and insure success by bestowing on her a liberal dowry.

It seems to us that the young man who is courting two girls, must be between two fires. To envy him the struggle he must make to keep his affair with one girl a secret from the other. And it is generally all a man's life is worth, to be able to please one woman, 'and how on earth does our young man manage to please two?

By and by both girls find out the game he has been playing, and then, ten to one, they both "mitten" him, and he has to begin the world anew. And the bouquets, and candy, and perfumery business has to be gone over again; and by the time he really gets ready to marry, all the girls have found him out, and wouldn't marry him to save themselves from having Miss engraved on their tombstones.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

An Article of Value.

Senator Blackburn, the popular senator from Kentucky, has been entertained very often in Philadelphia. This is a story a member of the famous Farmer's Club tells of him: "The senator was visiting the Indian Territory, and riding one day far out on the plains of that region he met a lone Indian. 'How, how!' passed between them, and the Indian with the inquisitiveness which is strong in the race despite the character for stoicism with the American aborigine is credited, put the question, 'Where from?'

"'Kentucky,' replied the senator.

"'Good,' almost gleefully the Indian responded. "'From Kentuck; give Injun whisky.'

"'Can't do it,' said the senator.

"'Injun give horse for whisky.'

"'No,' persisted the senator.

"'Horse and gun.'

Still the senator refused.

The Indian continued to add to his offer other articles, his saddle, girth and other trappings, and yet failed. "He would have given me everything he had about him," related the senator, "for a half pint of whisky, and his horse, gun, and saddle were all very valuable. In fact I never saw an Indian so well equipped, nor one so anxious for a dram."

Fred's Mistake.

Amy—Fred, I hear that your engagement with Miss Blesser is broken.

Fred—Yes, it is.

Amy—It must have been built on the sand to fall so soon.

Fred—I thought it was founded on rocks, but I discovered she hadn't any.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Happiness a Duty.

Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty—not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as is possible.

Nothing to Bananas.

"I don't mind the pitfalls of life," he said, as he rubbed his head ruefully and picked himself up, "but these bananas skin falls 'il kill me yet."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Quite True.

The first week that a man has a telephone in his office he has to do have the yeller fever badly.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"If the articles were so valuable," said a listener, "why didn't you make the trade? Certainly, from your own showing, you would have had much the best of the bargain."

"Indeed, I would not," confidently the Senator declared, "for I was at least ten miles from my supplies, and that half pint the Indian wanted was all I had with me. But I never saw anybody want whisky more than that Indian did."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Both Stayed at Home.

Johnny—Ma, where'm I going to stay while you and pa are gone?

Ma—Your pa isn't going away.

Johnny—Yes, he is. He's going to Rome.

Ma—What put that foolish notion into your head.

Johnny—I heard him tell a man that as soon as you went away he was going to make Rome howl, and how can he do it without going there.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

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Music.

The musical season has fairly set in, both schools and theaters being now in full blast. Most of the professional people who have been away are back, and another week will see all of them at work. The Conservatory and the ladies' colleges are in full blast, with the musical departments more than usually busy. At the Grand Opera House the season was opened by Starlight, which is as much musical as it is anything else. Plot there is none, not even a string on which to hang the variety specialties which form the chief incidents of this "farce comedy." Still it is amusing, and is especially so after a summer's rest from the dissipations of the stage. Apart from the question of dramatic value, Starlight is one of those farragos which amuse and cause one to laugh in spite of one's self.

Vernona Jarbeau is a handsome woman, with a good figure and a sprightly disposition. She cannot sing very well, she cannot dance very well, and one harsh critic in the audience even went so far as to say that she cannot talk very well, but I rather feel that this was a libel. In spite of these drawbacks Jarbeau has the gift of filling the stage. She is always doing something, and her personality is so strong that she cannot be ignored. She must be seen. Her topical song, That's Enough, Don't You Think! was very successful, especially as it introduced some happy allusions to the questions of the day. Her singing of Pi-ouit was too Gallic for the audience, which failed to see the charm. Her imitation of Mme. Theo's Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid was excellent. Her support was very good. Mr. Bert Coote's eccentricities were heavy contributors to the mirth of the evening. The other two of the three of a kind that made the fun of the piece were Mr. William Sellery and Mr. Martin O'Neil, the latter being especially strong.

The young ladies who were with Miss Jarbeau were graceful and clever. Miss Irene Hernandez danced excellently, as did little Miss Lily Sinclair, who is a gem in miniature. But, oh! ye Heavens! that frightful orchestra on Monday night! I never heard such discords before, within four walls. Immediate reconstruction of some kind is necessary, though I am inclined to charge the visiting conductor with some of the responsibility.

The societies are preparing for the fray. The Philharmonic Society commenced the organization of its chorus on Tuesday evening by a rigorous testing of its sopranos, both old members and new arrivals. The new candidates in the other departments were also subjected to a test, so that we may expect a more than usually effective chorus this year. The subject which Mr. Torrington and his committee have chosen for the first concert is the Elijah, which will be welcome news to many. The Choral and the two Vocal Societies commence operations the week after next.

A laughable incident occurred at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire Mountains. Not long ago Mr. Bruce Campbell was tacking up a lithograph of Edouard Strauss, in the hall of the hotel, about luncheon time, when about thirty young ladies trouped in. "Oh, how sweet of you, Mr. Campbell, to have Strauss come here," they chorused. "Are you going to have him play in the drawing-room, or on the veranda?" The ludicrousness of the question nearly made Mr. Campbell fall off the chair he was standing on.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company has taken up comic opera for this season, and will play Fauvette for the opening week (next week), at the Academy of Music. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Although it is still early in the season for the theaters to open even in the big towns, the inaugural performances here this week were successful beyond expectation. At the Grand Opera House the Jarbeau company in Starlight opened the ball. Besides was fairly good, but this is not the kind of attraction that draws a full house to the Grand. Starlight is one of those latter-day inanities which have sprung suddenly into tremendous popularity and are known as musical farce comedies. They are a cross between a light opera and a broad comedy. Considered seriously they amount to nothing, but they fill a necessity of a laughter-loving public and consequently are useful and successful. As the chief interest of Starlight centers in its musical features, these will be treated of under that heading. Of its qualities as a dramatic exhibition little more can be said than that it contains some bright and witty dialogue and is full of amusing points which, by their surprises, get the audience into great good humor. Miss Jarbeau herself is a popular favorite who is filled with that air of irrepressibility, the desire to spontaneously kick and frisk, which, with comeliness of person and feature, is the most necessary qualification of a successful soubrette. She has a French vivacity and a Parisian grace in simulating naughtiness that is piquant and alluring. Mr. Bert Coote is her right hand performer. Mr. Coote's methods are pretty well known here now and I have not noticed that he has made any decided improvement since his last visit. His comedy work is nervous and sparkling and takes home the less because it is of the smart aleck order. The rest of Miss Jarbeau's company give a very fair performance.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's, Tony Pastor's Vaudeville company crowded the house during the first part of the week. The magic of Tony's name is almost sufficient to crowd a house here, and many who have heard of him frequently expect to see something greater than they do see when they visit his show. However, a man cannot build a reputation upon nothing, and it is probably because Tony Pastor's name has become associated with variety shows of a good standard of excellence that he draws so well. The specialists of this combination are, many of them, first-class. A few of them in their accent betray their cockney origin, and, it may be surmised, their early training on the London music hall stage. Among these are the Sisters Hedderwicke and Miss Bessie Bonehill, whose name is as familiar to former *habitues* of London music halls as their own shadows. Though Miss Bessie is an old favorite, her entertaining powers, such as they are, have not yet left her. Tony Pastor's songs are still unique and still take. The comic musicians, Seeley and West, are very amusing, and Maggie Cline in her Irish songs is a drawing card. John and James Russell have been seen here a number of times in their Irish servant girl, which is an amusing and clever performance. Agnes Herndon has been the attraction at the house since Thursday evening.

The Chicago *Tribune*, writing of the performance of the Strauss orchestra, says: "The dance music, by Johann and Eduard Strauss, was superbly played. After the Annen Polka, in response to an encore, Herr Strauss gave the Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz, the first strain of which were greeted with an outburst of applause which was only stilled in the evident fear of losing some of the music. The reading given to this old and long-familiar waltz was in the nature of a revelation. Hackneyed as it has become through frequent hearings, it was invested last night with a new interest, and by means of a somewhat slower tempo in certain portions, combined with varied expression, it was imbued with a poetic quality which has hitherto been absent, if not quite, unsuspected." This famous musical organization will be at the Pavilion on Sept. 17 and 18. The plan opens at Messrs. Nordheimer's and Suckling's next Monday, Sept. 8, to subscribers and on Sept. 10 to the general public.

The Academy of Music plans are now open for the great Boston Ideal Opera Company in their new comic opera Fauvette, which will have its first performance in this city next Monday evening. This opera has been criticised by all critics as one of the prettiest operas ever produced. The cast is a strong one with an orchestra of 15 musicians and a chorus of 25 beautiful ladies. There will be 2 matinees Wednesday and Friday at 2 p. m. Secure your seats in advance to avoid the rush.

Angela Cudmore, of the Kendal company and a great favorite, was lately married to an English clergyman.

It has been computed that of the entire human race 500,000,000 are well-clothed, that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover part of the body. Who would have thought that the ballet costume was so prevalent?

Australia cannot expect to forever play in good luck. What though Geo. C. Miln has flitted from her hospitable shores, the suffering Antipodeans have been called on to again kiss the rod, that is to say, an American manager has invaded their continent with an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe.

The *Mirror* says: Sol Smith Russell's artistic status is clearly defined by his latest impersonation. Whatever may be the box office verdict on The Tale of a Coat—and it seems to possess the requisites of pecuniary success—Mr. Russell's Jemmy Watt is destined to give him high rank as a *genre* actor.

Somewhat of a novelty in New York is the presentation of the same show by the same company on the same evenings at two different theatres. The company is the Marks International Variety Company, and the first half of the programme at the Standard becomes the second half at the Union Square, and *vice versa*, the performers being whirled from one theatre to the other in cabs.

They have a summary way of dealing with a bad performance down in West Virginia that is refreshing. They stand no nonsense as the following paragraph shows:

A riot occurred recently during the performance of The Sunny South Company upon the stage of a floating theater at Ceredo, W. Va. The mob wrecked the boat and many of the actors as well as the police were seriously wounded by pistol shots and maltreatment.

It seems that London managers of comic opera are beginning to look to America for new attractions. The manager of the Prince of Wales' and Lyric theaters recently made offers to Fay Templeton, Della Fox and other stars of the light opera stage. One of the American comic opera women to whom he applied remarked that she would see him in about five years. "By that time," she said, calmly, "they will have tired of me in New York and I shall be just ripe for London." "Absurd," said the manager. "Not at all," said the girl, calmly; "I'll wager you a guinea that you haven't a woman in your company under thirty years of age." The London man thought it over for a moment and then decided to keep his guinea.

The public is occasionally shocked at the sentiments of theatrical men toward the women of the stage. A young lady, says the *Sun*, resigned her place in a comic opera company in this city the other day, because the stage manager said that she and the other feminine members of the chorus reminded him of a lot of goats. She admitted that they may have been awkward, but she didn't feel as if she could stand such an epithet as that. There is nothing so startling to a stage-struck young man or woman as the bullying indifference and brutal manner in which "ladies of the chorus" are treated by stage managers. Undoubtedly the artificial nature of stage life has its effects upon men who are brought in contact with it daily. An orchestra leader, who has recently been whipped by the newspapers for interpolating some of his own compositions in light opera scores in this city, remarked that he could understand the feelings of the cornetist, who killed himself because he could no longer look upon the painted faces of the chorus girls and view their stereotyped smiles night after night throughout the year. "The effect of the awful contemplation," said the leader, "is cumulative. Every night it grows worse, until one gets to a position of peevish and exasperated impatience. I don't feel like committing suicide exactly, but I have often had a great desire to take a gun to the theater and shoot some of the glassy and woodeny offenders."

W. S. Cleveland, talking recently about minstrelsy, said: "Farce comedies, light opera, and burlesque troupes have been making a steady drain upon the ranks of the minstrel profession. Robson and Crane were both minstrels, and so was Joe Murphy, now the wealthiest ex-minstrel in the country. Francis Wilson was a song and dance man in a minstrel company until a few years ago, and Signor Vetta, who is the basso of the Jach company, used to be the basso of a minstrel company, and occupy a seat in the center of the stage during the first part. J. C. Williamson, the millionaire Australian manager, who recently lost the big wager with Marcus Mayer, did a specialty act in a minstrel show, and, if I am not mistaken, De Wolf Hopper was also a minstrel. I could name a hundred more that have left the minstrel stage. Salaries have tripled within the past few years. I pay Billy Emerson $550 a week and expenses, which are about $60 a week more; Barney Fagan and Sweatman get $275 a week and expenses; Hughey Dougherty $225 a week; and Schoolcraft and Billy Rice $200 each. Lofelletto, the male soprano, gets $150 a week and expenses; besides his passage paid from and to Milan. I advertise that the Craggs get $1 000 a week for fifty weeks. As I pay all their expenses, they really cost me about $100 a week more than that. My salary list is $485 a day. And then the salaries paid to singers in a minstrel company have more than doubled of late years, because the American people have become very exacting about singing."

John Gilbert, that ripe and rare old comedian, whom everybody admired, was notoriously—well, economical, to put his "saving grace" in the mildest possible form. Talking with a friend on this rather personal subject one day, Gilbert said: "They think I'm close, but I hope I'm not as bad as Forrest was, I remember one time when Tom Barry was managing a theater in Boston. Wallack had a very hard season and had accepted two-thirds salary till such time as Barry could pull out of the hole. He was the soul of honor, and we knew he would pay up as soon as he could. His affairs grew worse and worse, and as a last resort he engaged Forrest for two weeks at an enormous salary—several hundred dollars a week.

"But even Forrest failed to draw. I question if the total receipts equaled his salary. Barry never whined, but by a great deal of scraping he got together the requisite sum. The treasurer paid it over to the tragedian and took his receipt. A goodly portion of the money was in silver dollars. In about half an hour Forrest came back, threw down a dollar and said: 'They tell me at the bank that dollar is light and worth only ninety cents. Give me another for it.'

"The treasurer gave him a full weight dollar and ever after kept the lightweight as a memento of the great actor."

An honest confession is good for the soul. Henry De Mille frankly admits that he and David Belasco write from the standpoint of the audience. That may be the reason why their work often fails to satisfy the critics.

Waifs from the Wits.

"I'm well, now. Your bill, sir," she said to the Dr.
But his pill was so large she felt painfully shy,
It dazed her poor brain;
She went straightway insane,
And is an asylum they keep for her.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Never waste time telling people what a lot of good things you have done. In the first place they won't believe you, and in the second place they are waiting for a chance to tell you what a lot of good things they have done themselves. —*Somerville Journal.*

Consolation is that within us that tells us when our neighbors are doing wrong.—*Epoch.*

'Tis now the husband groweth glad
And greatly doth rejoice,
Because his wife is out of town
And he can do the city brown
With the rest of the horrid boys.
—*Lawrence American.*

Waiter Girl—Umumumumumumumumumumumum.

Experienced Guest—Umumumumumumumumum.

Waiter Girl—What did you say, sir?

Experienced Guest—Same as you did. Bring 'em along.—*Good News.*

Old Gentleman—You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?

Julia—Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?

Old Gentleman—I noticed that he has kept away som what lately. He has only been here six times this week so far.—*Boston Herald.*

When love was strong and love was young,
And she was yet to win,
He used to praise with flattering tongue
Her pretty dimpled chin.
Now, should she's still his heart's delight,
As in the bygone years,
When home is going late at night,
He is her chin he fears!

Fun With a Newly Married Couple on a Western Train.

An incident occurred on a Western train as it bowled merrily over the prairie in the direction of Milwaukee that was crisp and yet laughable in the extreme. A newly married couple, so very, very newly married, got on the train at Chicago and took a front seat in the car, where each passenger could watch their every action. The groom was a tall, bony individual, one of the silk hat, Prince Albert coat groom, with a white dress tie at his throat and a white rose in his buttonhole. A regular web-footed country cross road's dude and the very atmosphere in his vicinity was permeated with the aroma of new mown hay.

The bride was dressed in white, nodding white plumes graced her head, white kid gloves covered her hands and a large bouquet lay in her lap. Her face was a dead ringer for a mask and was homely enough to ache, but this did not seem to trouble the groom, who was snuggled up as close to her as he could get. So deeply were they wrapped up in each other that they were entirely unconscious of the fact that they were the observed of all observers and especially of a party of traveling men who sat a little way back of them. The groom would whisper some sweet nothing in the bride's ear and she, with a becoming blush, would turn and beam upon him, showing to the passengers that doing so was the proudest thing in her face like a tumor. Oh! she was homely!

Finally, as the night waxed on space, the two young things began to grow more coochy-coochy, and as the train pulled out of Wadsworth Hubert stretched forth his long arm and wound it tenderly about his bride's neck. Upon seeing this every drummer in the party began to whistle, while one old-minded individual with a State street jag yelled, "Break away!" With a painful sigh that could be heard all over the car, the poor groom slowly took his arm away and again the couple fell to whispering. The whispering was continued for a number of miles, and then, when the groom thought everybody behind him was asleep, he once more placed his arm lovingly about the woman's neck. As before the action was followed by whistling and shouts, and again with a sigh the arm was removed. Poor fellow! the writer felt sorry for him, but those heartless drummers would have their way, and the above scene was repeated time after time. Finally the bride, although tired out, rested her head on her husband's manly breast and he had just begun to smooth her tresses when the crowd once more opened up and made night hideous with their noise. This was too much for the bride, and with a sob she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept. The groom was visibly startled at this, and in spite of the howling of the crowd, proceeded to pet and soothe the wounded feelings of the dear one at his side, but the more he smoothed the more she wept. He looked around him for the first time since the train started, and for just the right moment to catch a man in the act of whistling. Deliberately arising from his seat he approached the man and without a word slapped him across the mouth with his half-clenched hand. The man started to jump up, but the injured groom gave him another liffer that sent him back into his seat again, where he was glad to remain. Then turning to the balance of the passengers he addressed them thus:

"Fellers, maybe I do look a little bit green and I'll admit that I'm a little bit new in this business, but anything happening I have ever looked your insults, but it has gone far enough now. You wasn't satisfied till you got the little woman to crying and now I'm mad clean through. I am going back to my seat now, and my wife shall lay her head on my shoulder till we reach Milwaukee and the first son-of-a-gun that dares to unfold his jaw will be jumped on by yours truly. If more than one makes a noise, so much the better, for I am in prime condition and once I commence, I'll lick every man in the car."

As he closed his little address, he walked back to his seat, said something to the sobbing woman, and she, with a proud look in her eyes, laid her head on his shoulder. Not a man in the car dared open his head after that and the couple came to Milwaukee in peace.—*Peck's Sun.*

He Had Finished With Him.

A young gentleman, who lately left his father's house, having exhausted his credit, telegraphed the other day to his parents:

"Your son Walter was killed this morning by a falling chimney. What shall we do with the remains?"

In reply a check was sent for $20 with the request, "Bury them."

The young gentleman pocketed the money and had an elaborate spree. When in a condition for writing he sent his father the following note:

"I have just learned that an infamous scoundrel named Barker sent you a fictitious account of my death, and swindled you out of $20. He also borrowed $10 from me and left the country. I write to inform you that I am still alive, and long to see the parental roof again. I am now somewhat reduced circumstances, the cumulations of the last five years having been lost—a disastrous stock operation—and if you would only spare me $20 I would be ever thankful for your favor. Give my love to all."

A few days later the cunning youth received the following dignified letter from his outraged parent:

"MY DEAR SON,—I have sent you one, and that is the end of it. I decline to have any transactions with a ghost.

"Yours in the flesh,

"FATHER."

Economizing with a Kodak.

"How are you getting on in your new place, Anna?"

"Pretty well, only the folks are in the habit of photographing everything."

"Well, that won't matter to you in the least."

"Think so! Don't you be too positive. The fact is, they take the likeness of every joint on the table before it is sent down into the kitchen."

Too Near His Wife.

Patent Medicine Man (to Editor)—You made a nice mess of that testimonial advertisement.

Editor—How?

Patent Medicine Man—John Smith wrote: "Your Live Forever Pellets are doing me a great deal of good. Send another box;" and I told you to give it a prominent place.

Editor—I did; immediately preceding the death notices.

Patent Medicine Man—Yes; and the first death notice on the list was that of John Smith!

The Mountain for Mahomet.

Here is a hint for those who are unable to get away to the heather-clad moors, and who long for the lovely odor which is one of their chief charms. Procure a few branches of the Norway spruce, and arrange them in bowls of water. In a few days tender feathery shoots of a beautiful pale green hue will appear, and give forth a perfume which is as delicious as it is beneficial to the lungs.

Anxious to Make Amends.

A dashing young lady, walking one dirty day through a street in London, wanted much to get across into another, but the roadway being exceedingly muddy, she knew not how to accomplish her purpose. A dragoon passing by, on perceiving her embarrassment, without any ceremony, caught her up under his arm, and landed her safely on the other side.

The lady flushing with the treatment, grew angry, and in torrents of hard words reprobated his insulting behavior.

The dragoon listened with composure, and after apologizing for his conduct, assured her ladyship that he only meant to do her an act of kindness, and to convince her of the purity he again caught her in his arms, carried her once more across, and, setting her down exactly where he had found her, bade her a good day, and took his departure.

Made His Apology Ample.

His emotions got the better of his Boston pride and he kissed her.

"Fabricus Jones," cried the agitated girl, "you surprise me!"

"Ethel," he answered submissively, "I apologize from my heart."

"But, sir, I would rather have it from your lips."

And, like all Boston girls when they are determined on anything, she got it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Peanut Stand.

(To be read in the Belfast Vernacular.)

For Saturday Night.

There's a mighty tidy city at the foot of the Cave Hill,
Where my father was born in the *Ould Jenderry* Mill,
And my uncle was an Islandman, a rivetter to trade,
And sweated on the logest keels and speediest ever laid;
For they say the White Star passes all the flags that sail the sea,
And every Nic and Tic of them was built on Belfast Quay.
But there's far too many hives at home, so in a foreign land
That's how I come to settle at a peanut stand.

I landed in Toronto and walked about for days,
Till my pocket was as empty as a nest where nothing lays;
And I went without my tea one day, and breakfast, and for lunch
I found a little picking on a bad banana bunch.
I tightened up my braces like you tighten up a drum,
And I knew I was too hollow just with sucking of my thumb:
But I met my chance immediate and I jumped at the command,
And I'm making dollars steady at my peanut stand.

I was coming round a corner when I lit upon a flight,
A big man on a little one which never yet was right,
The big one full of liquor till he couldn't hold his views,
And the wee one full of nothing but the bones he couldn't lose.
Twas a dirty fisted Dago, with a black twisted face,
And a pair of yellow peepers would have frightened you from grace,
But the wee one stole some peanuts and the Dago held his hand,
And I helped to cure the trouble at the peanut stand.

If you lived upon the Lea an you'd have muscles in your skin,
And sufe all the good Belfast in me just rose and waded in;
So he left the little Dago but I chipped him in the neck,
And his liquor lost its virtue when I laid him on the deck.
He rose and looked me over and he swore what he would do,
But he thought too long about it, and the crowd allowed him through.
Well, sir, the little Dago up and offered me his hand,
And that's how he got a partner at the peanut stand.

Now this small Italian Dago man was old, and thin, and done,
Or it wasn't in his nature for to treat me like a son,
But as soon as I let on that I was starving for a meal,
He set me up a dinner would have done for Lord O'Neill.
And from that I got to helping him and wheeling home his cart,
And for all he was a heathen, yet it wasn't to the heart;
So we worked along together till the snow fell on the land,
And left us next to powerless at the peanut stand.

He hadn't one to own him or to call upon in need,
And we didn't have a deal of crack through diff'ring in breed,
But we got along harmonious till the frost got in his chest,
And he lay down weak one evening, and was plainly near his rest.
He slept awhile in quiet, and I thought he'd last till light,
But he took a turn towards morning and sat up most cruel white,
And I saw the life was leaving him like water leaving sand,
As he told me how I'd have to keep the peanut stand.

He maybe would have liked a priest to put him on his way,
But I couldn't leave him lying there alone in death's disma;
So I got the little crucifix he kept among his clothes,
And thought how Roaring Hanna used to preach to love your foes.
When the Teagues were extra bitter at the Sabbath scholars' trip,
And for all I was an Orangeman I held it to his lips.
The Lord has many a way, it seems, of reaching out His hand,
And the creature never fritted for the peanut stand.

Good luck has kept near hand me since the poor old lady died,
And I hope it helps to comfort him wherever he may bide.
I'm doing brarely since, although a Papist gave the start,
And now I've put in apples and a pony for the cart.
It won't be very long before I open up a store,
So one thing brings another when you're looking out for more,
For I wrote to Polly Grey, I was her sweetheart to command,
And she said she'd share the profits of the peanut stand.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

The Harvest Apple.

For Saturday Night.

The herald of the fulness, overswing
Of autumn, purples dark and rich juiced reds;
Of golden summer's painting, brighter showing
Than jewelled plays of glittering Hollyhock heads.
A golden apple gave the Trojan Paris
("For the most fair" upon its side inlaid)
To radiant Venus, having first her promise,
That black-ward should be earth's fairest maid.
Sweet maid, this "prize of beauty" is your own!
Its pulp, transparent, matches your white brow,
Its gold your bright hair rivals,—Now mark me!
And with that maiden's heart me straight endow;
That be of living maids the fairest one;
The easy if you will,—her heart's your own.

H. W. C.

Good-By.

It came again to-night, that same and feeling
That long ago I thought had passed away;
That old old wound that resists all healing;
That pain not even time can quite allay.
The mists close in, but faintly through them speaking
I catch an echo which will never die,
For all the memories of the past unseal me
Come those two tearful words of hope—"Good-by!"

A touch of hands, few hasty words, in parting—
I see and hear it still again to-night;
A host of recollections now upstarting
Brings the whole scene again before my sight.
"Good-by!" The low, sweet voice thrill spoke it faltered;
The eyes were dimmed that shone so bright and shy.
The memory of those words has never altered,
Those two sad whispered words of here—
"Good-by!"

What might have been! God only knows; we never
Can draw the curtains from the dim unknown;
Just, yet, and yet, before we rise ever—
But faister comes the shadow dance grown
Have fallen on my heart and brought sadness—
A vision of her face, the one strong tie
That carries with it somewhat of the gladness
I knew before those words of here—
"Good-by!"

The music in my soul can never brighten
The minor chords are all that sound to-day;
And mournful strains, which nothing seems to lighten,
My life, my soul, my very being sway.
The harmony is incomplete!
Cold touch the chords and swell the music high!
Now in the notes a painful discord lingers,
The sweetest strings were broken by those words
"Good-by!"

—N. Y. *Mercury.*

Noted People.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is in London.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is in San Francisco gathering material for a novel.

Rudyard Kipling set up the type, printed and published his first book in India.

Elna Lyall writes to a friend that she will visit the United States in the autumn.

Jerome K. Jerome, the author of Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, is only twenty-eight years of age.

Thomas Nelson Page, author of Mars Chan, is in London. He is a cousin of Amelie Rives Chanler.

Jeanne Hugo, a grand-daughter of the poet, is soon to marry Leon Daudet, son of Alphonse Daudet, the novelist.

The back yard of Lord Tennyson's home is said to be strewn with clay pipes that he has used and discarded. The poet is a prodigious smoker.

Maurice Thompson's early boyhood was passed in Georgia. He has recently gone there on a visit, and his old friends delight to call him Jim.

Constance Fenimore Woolson has the reputation of being a charming conversationalist. She does not talk an infinite deal of nothing. She knows a thing or two and can tell you of them.

Princess Victoria, the youngest daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, is an accomplished lawn-tennis player, performs on the banjo, and has a dowry of a million and a quarter of dollars. She is to marry Prince Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe.

The late Captain Mayne Reid was educated for the ministry, but, yielding to his love of adventure, went to America to seek his fortune. Starting as a "storekeeper" and "nigger-driver," he became, successively, tutor, school-master, actor, and journalist. His first book, The Rifle Rangers, was produced in 1850.

Death has claimed another hero on Moloka', the lepers' island of Hawaii. John Hanalea, a native preacher. His wife developed the disease in 1877, and when she was sent to Molokai her husband insisted upon accompanying her. To the day of his death he devoted himself to relieving the sufferings of his companions; but he was so fortunate as to escape the disease entirely.

Mr. Rufus Kittredge of Augusta, Me., is nearly seventy-nine years old, and has just accomplished the task of writing one of President Harrison's messages, ten thousand words long, on a postal card. With the aid of a microscope the writing can be made out with rather less ease than print. Mr. Kittredge has also written the Lord's Prayer in a circle three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

Mrs. (General) Grant says she first met the General in 1844, and they were married in 1848. She has many letters written by him during the days of their courtship, and, while she regards them in their entirety as too sacred for the public eye, she will make extracts from them for her book of reminiscences of her famous husband. She is working very slowly on the book, and does not expect to have it ready for publication before next spring.

A friend of Lord Tennyson's was walking with him one day in the grounds surrounding his house in the Isle of Wight, and for some time the poet never uttered a word, and gazed intently on the ground. His friend was afraid to break the silence, as he imagined he might be clothing some original and striking idea in poetical language. At last, looking up, Lord Tennyson said: "Would you like to know what I have been thinking of all this time?" "Oh, yes," said his friend; "do tell me." "Well," said Lord Tennyson, "I was thinking what a remarkably good polish my boots have!"

It may not be generally known that when members of the Royal family live abroad they write regular, weekly letters to Her Majesty. When the Prince of Wales was in India, he, every week, wrote the Queen a long account of his experiences. The book which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are about to publish upon their residence in our Indian Empire will, in a great measure, be made up from their letters to Her Majesty. Long as the Empress Frederick, our Princess Royal, has been living in Germany she has never let a week pass without writing an interesting letter to her mother. So with all the Queen's children, and indeed the practice is also observed by some of her grand-children.

When Mr. Herbert Gladstone first went to Oxford his rooms were at the top of No. 1 Staircase, University Hall. A stranger would have thought it queer to have heard gentlemen visitors standing at the bottom of the stairs, inquiring at the top of their voices, "Tuppence." If they would give that amount to be carried up. But a look through Mr. Gladstone's album lying on his table would have afforded an explanation for visits, in the order of their, ages, as photos of the whole family from the G. O. M. downwards, and lastly, one of himself, under which is written, "Little Tuppence," which, it appears, is a nick or pet name of his with the family and some few of his more intimate friends. The said friends would take the precaution to hollo and ascertain if he was in his rooms before making the long journey upstairs, to perhaps find he was out.

Artemus Ward's pathetic injunction to "give the old man a chance" finds general observance in England, where men between sixty and seventy are usually in their prime. Lord Albemarle, who fought at Waterloo, is still vigorous and useful at ninety-two. The late Viscount Eversley, who, as Mr. Shaw Lefevre, was a distinguished speaker of the House of Commons, was a crack shot without spectacles at ninety-one, and a competent man of affairs at ninety-four. Lord Cottesloe, another sound worker, is his own man of business at ninety-two. Sir George Burns, the projector of the Cunard Steamship Line, lately died, with senses almost unimpaired and mind alert, at the age of ninety-five. Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone have passed their eightieth milestone, and at least a hundred other public men between eighty and ninety years of age are still full of work and of plans.

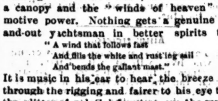
The Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

THERE are few finer sources of pleasure and recreative summer sport than is afforded by yachting. With just enough excitement and danger to make it alluring to adventurous spirits, it gives all the benefits and delights of life in the open air and air of the freshest kind. It furnishes a superb means of locomotion of the *dolce far niente* variety. It calls for a certain amount of watchfulness, skill and physical energy, the exercise of which is a pleasure to the business-worried mind. Then there is the exhilaration of easy motion, with the "uneasy shifting" waters as a track, the summer sky as a canopy and the "winds of heaven" as a motive power. Nothing gets a genuine out-and-out yachtsman in better spirits than

"A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast."

It is music in his ear to hear the breeze sing through the rigging and fairer to his eye than the glitter of painted fountains are the waters from the cleaving bow as they spurt up and seethe along the lee gunwale. There are no waters in the world better adapted for this kind of sport than the great lakes of Canada, and on these waters already float as fair a fleet of pleasure craft as ever left shipwrights' hands.

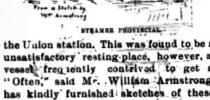
The suitability of the Canadian lakes for this kind of sport cannot be better illustrated than



FIRST CLUB HOUSE, R. C. Y. C.

by the fact that this comparatively new country possesses the largest yacht club in the world. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto enjoys this enviable distinction. It has a membership of seven hundred and fifty. This club was organized in 1852 by a small but enthusiastic coterie of men, one or two of whom are still living to note the marvellous growth of their not project. Prominent among these and still living are Messrs. William Armstrong, C.E., John Arnold, Charles Heath, Thomas Sportiss, S. B. Harman (late City Treasurer); once deceased, Dr. Hodder, Major Magrath, and Capt. Fellows. It was first known as the "Canadian Yacht Club," with its headquarters at Toronto. In August, 1854, it was authorized by Her Majesty to assume the style of "Royal," and in 1878 permission was given by the Admiralty to the club to wear the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with a crown in the fly.

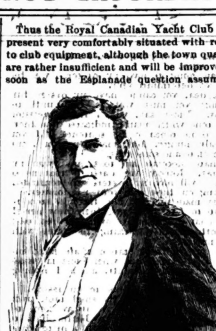
The first meetings of the original promoters of the club were held in the office of Captain Fellows, commission merchant, on Melinda street. There, seated on flour barrels, the club scheme was projected and was further matured at later conclaves held in a room over John Seel's saloon, which stood nearly opposite the present Academy of Music on King street. The first building used by the club was owned by Messrs. Gzowski and Macpherson and stood where the Union Station now stands. The first clubhouse proper was erected on a spot and was moored just west of what was known as Rees' Wharf. This house was occupied by the club until 1858 when it was found so seriously damaged by mistrals and heavy weather that it had to be abandoned. The club then purchased the wrecking steamer Provincial, which was fitted up as a clubhouse and moored between Tinning's and Rees' wharves, opposite



STEAMER PROVINCIAL.

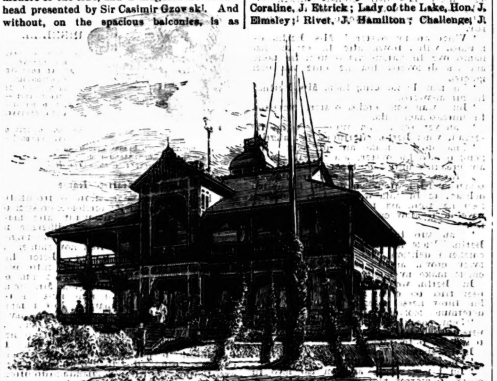
the Union station. This was found to be a very unsatisfactory resting-place, however, as the vessel frequently contrived to get adrift. "Often," said Mr. William Armstrong, who has kindly furnished sketches of these two floating habitations, "was I called up in the middle of the night with the information that she had broken loose, and then I had to go down and put in the rest of the night getting her fast again." This ship was occupied until 1869, when the club acquired a water lot west of Rees' wharf, where they erected a commodious club-house and substantial wharf. During the autumn of 1873 the club engaged for use during the winter months the premises now known as Club Chambers. In 1874 the property on King street adjoining the old Montreal house was purchased as a town club-house. Here they remained till 1877 when a social union was effected with the Toronto club, the R.C.Y.C. still retaining their water club house and their individuality as yachtsmen. In 1880, finding that they were being crowded out of an anchorage for their yachts, the club sold their water premises to the Grand Trunk and having obtained a suitable site on the Island erected their present club house. A city landing and boat house were secured at the foot of Lorne street and the steam yacht Esperanza was purchased to convey the members of the club to and fro. In 1889 the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the Toronto Yacht Club (the latter of which had been in existence since 1880) effected an amalgamation. The Lorne street landing was disposed of and the new organization retained the club house of the Toronto club as their town headquarters and landing place.

Thus the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is at present very comfortably situated with regard to club equipment, although the town quarters are rather insufficient and will be improved as soon as the Esplanade question assumes a



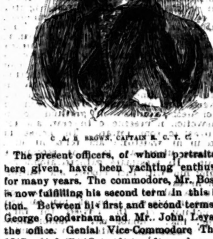
A. T. BOSWELL, COMMODORE R. C. Y. C.

more settled character. Their Island house is a commodious and well equipped summer club. The site was chosen by the present Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. Bruce Harman and Col. Grassett, the latter having been Honorary Secretary previously for a number of years. Ten acres of marsh land were leased from the city and on this ground, reclaimed and filled in, was erected the pretty structure depicted in our sketch. The lawn is one of the most beautiful to be seen in the city and contains a tennis court, bowling and quoit grounds. Within the building is a comprehensive steward's department, fully competent to cope with a yachtsman's appetite—a first-class recommendation. The dining-room, drawing-room, reading and billiard-rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished throughout. Conspicuous in the reading-room is an excellent portrait of the late Dr. Hodder, formerly commodore of the club, and a magnificent buffalo head presented by Sir Casimir Gzowski. And without, on the spacious balconies, is as



ISLAND CLUB HOUSE, R. C. Y. C.

delightful a place for a noonday or evening siesta, with a quiet pipe, as could be desired. An excellent view of the city and the Island is obtained from the tower, whereon the Meteorological Department has placed an anemometer, a scientific instrument for registering wind velocities, etc. It is considered one of their best stations. A new pumping engine has been put in this year which will also be used to run a dynamo for electric light purposes. A project is under way to dredge in front of the club so as to admit of landing directly on the breakwater, thus doing away with the present wharf, also of erecting inclined ways for hauling up the yachts out of water during the winter. With these improvements contemplated the club's surroundings will be to them a source of pride and satisfaction.



C. A. B. BROWN, CAPTAIN R. C. Y. C.

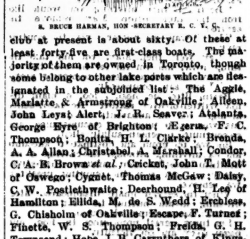
The present officers, of whom portraits are here given, have been yachting enthusiasts for many years. The commodore, Mr. Boswell, is now fulfilling his second term in this position. Between his first and second terms Mr. George Gooderham, and Mr. John Leys held the office. Genial Vice-Commodore Thomas McGaw of the Queen's was formerly commodore of the Toronto Yacht Club, an office which he held during the whole existence of that organization. He is the owner of the Cygnet, one of the finest boats in the fleet. Captain, C. A. B. Brown, skipper and part owner of the Condor, is a popular young man and one of the best sailors in the club. Mr. S. Bruce Harman, the honorary secretary, has been an active member of the club since 1862 and has filled his present position now for seven years. He has always taken the deepest interest in its welfare, and to his enthusiasm and energy the club is much indebted. Mr. William Armstrong, C.E., is one of the few of the founders of the club now living. He is still hale and vigorous, however, and takes a warm interest in yachting affairs. Other honorary life members are Messrs. C. W. Heath, Capt. Stupart, R.N., and Capt. J. G. Murray, R.A. Another old member still living is Col. Turnbull, Commandant of the School of Cavalry, Quebec.

It will be interesting to those who like to indulge in reminiscence to read over the following list of the original officers and yacht owners who have now, with two or three exceptions, all joined the great majority. The officers in 1854 were: Commodore, Thomas McGrath; Vice-Commodore, John Eerick; Captain, John Hamilton; and Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. Campbell. The following is the list of yachts and owners: Norah Creina, Major McGrath; Witch, Kivas Tully; Wave, T. Robertson; Cambria, Dr.

THOMAS MCGAW, VICE COMMODORE R. C. Y. C.

Rees; Ondine, J. Ewart; Ariel, G. Reid; Prince of Orange, J. Scott; Rosa, J. Cameron; Mischief, C. Heath; Osprey, T. Greer; Cygnet, S. M. Hodder; Donna del Lago, F. W. Barron; Emerald, E. Jones; Jennie Lind, S. Sherwood; Prima Donna, M. P. Hayes; Breeze, Hon. William Cayley; Iroquois, Capt. G. Strachan; Coraline, J. Ettrick; Lady of the Lake, Hon. J. Elmsley; Rivet, J. Hamilton; Challenge, J. Arnold; Shooting Star, B. Hayes; Storm Queen, Charles Grassett and — Stowe. The heaviest tonnage of any vessel in this list was eleven tons. Mr. George Gooderham's present yacht, Oriole, registers ninety-eight tons and the Allens carries thirty-two tons on her keel alone.

The number of yachts represented by the



S. BRUCE HARMAN, HON. SECRETARY R. C. Y. C.

club at present is about sixty. Of these at least forty-five are first-class boats. The majority of them are owned in Toronto, though some belong to other lake ports which are designated in the subjoined list: The Aggie, Maclaite, A. Armstrong of Oakville; Aileen, John Leys; Alert, J. R. Seaver; Atalanta, George Eyre of Brighton; Æsculapius, F. C. Thompson; Bonita, H. L. Clarke; Brenda, A. A. Allan; Christabel, A. Marshall; Condor, C. A. B. Brown *et al.*; Cricket, John T. Mott of Oswego; Cygnet, Thomas McGaw; Daisy, C. W. Postlethwaite; Deerhound, H. Leys; Hamilton; Idilia, M. de S. Wedd; Ibrahim, G. Chisholm of Oakville; Escape, F. Turner; Fidette, W. S. Thompson; Freida, G. H. Townsend; Hebe, J. H. Carruthers of Kingston; Hilda, B. Jennings; Huron, H. K. Bloodgood of New York; Imogene, H. Elliott; Iolanthe, W. Biggar of Belleville; Irene, H. D. Leslie; Ina, J. R. Wells; Kelpie, F. Dallas *et al.*; Kitiwake, A. Sproatt;

[illegible]

Lady Evelyn, Sir R. Cameron of New York; Louise, F. W. Caulkin of Buffalo; Molly, A. A. McNab; Mollie, F. Dallas; Merle, D. McMurchy; Mischief, F. Thomas; Naiad, G. Boyd; Nancy, F. S. Malloch of Hamilton; Oriole, George Gooderham; Peerless, A. Sweatman; Pixie, Capt. Stupart; Psyche, F. G. Kilvert; Rivet, Hume Blake; Sagitta, W. Q. Phillips; Seabird, Muir & Aikenhead; Simon, A. Travis of Hamilton; Uneasy, W. R. Bennell; Verve, N. B. Dick and W. D. Thompson; Verve, J. Hendrie of Hamilton; Vision, Black & Burnet of Cobourg; Volante, C. Black; Vreda, A. R. Boswell *et al.*; Whistlewing, J. W. Rutherford; Chute, B. Garrett; Wona, C. E. Gray; Woos, J. Haverson; Widgeon, A. W. Dodd; Nolande, J. C. Reed; Yama, Allen Ames of Oswego.

The patrons of the R.C.Y.C. are H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and the Governor-General of Canada. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860 a regatta was held in his honor. In return for this he presented the club with a beautiful challenge cup valued at $500 sterling, which is raced for annually on September 7, unless that day falls on Sunday as it does this year. The race therefore takes place to-day (Sept. 6). The cup is in the form of a vase in frosted silver, partly burnished. Two principal medallions, in low relief, illustrate the incident in the voyage of Columbus, when he quells his mutinous sailors and the cession of the land afterwards called Pennsylvania to William Penn. Two graceful female figures form the handles; the cover of the cup is surmounted by a figure of Britannia. The base is of ebony bearing two shields with the arms of the Prince of Wales.

The following yachts have won this cup since its presentation: In 1861, Wildawake; 1862, '63, '64, Gorilla; in '65 and '66 no race on account of bad weather; in 1867, Ripple; 1868, Geraldine; 1869, no race; 1870, Ida of Lachine; 1871, race abandoned; 1872, Gorilla; 1873, Isa; '74, no race; 1875, Oriole; 1876, Brunette; 1877, '78, '79, Oriole; 1880, Madcap; 1881, no race; 1882, Cygnet; 1883, '84, '85, Aileen; 1886, '87, '88 and '89, Oriole (new).

Over two thousand dollars is spent annually by the club on regattas. Besides the Prince of Wales cup the following challenge cups have been presented to and are held by the club and raced for annually: Lansdowne, Murray, Lorne, Cosgrave and McGaw. Other cups have been presented at times to be held by the winner; notable among them is the John Weir Anderson cup. The Lake Yacht Racing Association, the regattas of which have just been completed, is composed of the Royal Canadian, Hamilton, Oswego, Rochester, Bay of Quinte, Kingston and Queen City Yacht clubs. Their regattas are held annually, generally in August, and are great sources of enjoyment to the yachtsmen, who are royally entertained wherever a regatta is held.

Space will not permit a description of any of these beautiful boats, many of which are splendidly finished both within and without. No description however vivid can portray the elusive curves and the insidious motion, at which even the artist's pencil falters. To appreciate it properly one should see the fleet of white wings standing out of the harbor before a good breeze, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, as their jovial crews depart to Niagara, or some other pleasant haven by the lake, there to spend Sunday.

The R. C. Y. C. is socially an important body, comprising as it does many of the ablest and wealthiest men of the city. It has always been self-sustaining. The ball of the club is one of the features of Toronto's gay season, and garden parties, socials, etc., at the Island in summer, smoking concerts at the town club house in winter complete the chain of sociability which extends over the whole year. Although the membership of the club includes no ladies, still this does not debar the fair sex from participating in many a quiet sailing party, as well as in the galeties on *terra firma*.

He Got His Man.

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for an adventure. Baron Malorie, tells the story in his book, Twixt Old Times and New. During the battle, several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned. While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their action, too, attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade-major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll laya guinea five pounds that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?" "Done—done—done!" shouted several officers. The captain tightened the saddle-girths and his pistols. Then shouting, "Good-bye!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the English man's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered straight for a group of the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him across his horse's neck, turned sharp, and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him. But he had a good start and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of hitting the general. Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then faced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns. Amid the maddest cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half dead but securely clasped in his strong grip. He jumped from his horse, presented to his astonished and unconscious foe by which he had been handled, and, in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said, simply, "Take my horse, and me." The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

An Unthought of Arrangement.

"Let us dine together," said the native king to the missionary.

"With great pleasure," replied the good man; "but I must be home."

"I have planned it differently," said the king, with a black light in his eyes. "You shall be the dinner."

HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

VIOLET AND HER UNRULY PUPIL.

Mr. Lawrence led Violet back to the reception-room below, remarking, as he courteously rolled a chair forward for her:

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am, Miss Huntington, with the cordial reception that Bertha has given you. It is seldom that she is so strongly attracted by a stranger, and if you can but retain your influence over her I am sure you cannot fail to do her good. I know that you will be frequently and severely tried, but I trust that you will not be easily discouraged."

"To be 'forewarned is to be forearmed,' you know, sir," Violet smilingly responded; then she added more seriously, and with a firmness which told her companion that she was far from lacking in decision of character, "as I have already told you, I know but very little about teaching and less about governing, from personal experience; but, while I mean to do my duty faithfully and be all that is kind or considerate toward Miss Bertha, I believe it will be better for both of us, if I insist upon obedience and a cheerful compliance with my wishes—upon a regular routine, during certain hours of the day, after which I shall be pleased to attend to her pleasure."

Mr. Lawrence's smile told Violet that he approved of the course which she had suggested, even before he smilingly replied:

"I agree with you most heartily, Miss Huntington," he said, "and if you can, by any means, put your theory into practice, you will succeed in doing more than anyone else has done. Bertha is perfectly well and strong, with the exception of her imperfect sight, and she ought to have regular duties; but she is so wilful and obstinate at times that others have found it impossible to make her learn her lessons. She is naturally affectionate and tender-hearted, and good when she is not crossed; then there comes a severe trial of patience. But she is also very repentant and remorseful after her wilfulness until—she is crossed again. Now, what will you consider adequate remuneration for the giving up of your own plans and assuming the responsibility which I desire to commit to you?"

Violet regarded her companion with unfeigned surprise.

This was a new way of making terms with a governess, she thought—to request her to set her own price for her services.

"That is a matter which I supposed you would regulate yourself," she remarked, flushing slightly, "at least until we can ascertain whether I am to be successful in my position. I hope that Miss Bertha and I will get on very agreeably," she concluded, earnestly.

"I feel very sure that you will," Mr. Lawrence replied, confidently. "My family," he continued, "consists only of my daughter, my housekeeper, and myself, besides the servants. I fear it may be somewhat dull for you here, at times, as we live so quietly; but we will endeavor to make it as pleasant as possible for you. We will enter into no formal contract at present—I would not ask you to pledge yourself to remain any length of time, until you have an opportunity to realize what your duties and responsibilities will be; but if—while you do remain—a hundred dollars a quarter will be sufficient for your needs, I shall consider myself fortunate in securing your services for that amount."

"The sum will be ample, thank you," Violet returned, secretly thinking it a very generous offer, while she began to realize that she was also very fortunate in securing so pleasant a home and such a remunerative position, instead of having to trust to promiscuous pupils for her living.

Still, she knew that it would be no light task to have to be eyes for the blind, and subject to the willfulness and obstinacy of a capricious and over-indulged child. That there would be many severe trials in her position she did not doubt, but there would also be comfort in having the protection of a home, and, perhaps, the occasional companionship of a cultured gentleman like Mr. Lawrence.

She arose to take her leave now, and Mr. Lawrence himself accompanied her to the door instead of calling a servant to show her out.

He bade her a courteous good-day, saying he would hope to see her as early as convenient on the morrow, and offering to send his carriage for her if she would give him her address.

Violet thanked him, but declined his kind offer, for she was not quite sure at what hour she would be ready to leave her lodgings, as she had two or three errands to do in the morning.

But about eleven the next day she arrived at her future home, where she found Mr. Lawrence just going to his office down town.

He greeted her warmly, waiting until her trunk was brought in, and directed that it should be carried up to the blue-room.

Then as he was about leaving he remarked, with earnest hospitality:

"Pray make yourself perfectly at home, Miss Huntington; call upon the servants for anything you want and command me at any time."

Violet thanked him, and then followed her trunk to the blue room, which she found to be a lovely apartment, with an alcove, adjoining Bertha's sitting-room, and furnished with all the comfort and elegance to which she had been accustomed to all her life in her own home.

And now a strange, new life opened before her.

Hitherto she had lived a life of ease and pleasure; with plenty of money at her command, she had been able to gratify every whim or caprice; in her luxurious home, servants had waited upon her, and she had been petted and indulged, and, as a general thing, allowed to have her own way.

Now she was to serve and be subject to an arrogant and overbearing child.

She knew that her duties would call for unlimited patience and self-control, and now that she found the die was cast, she was almost appalled to think that she had dared to assume so much.

To all intents and purposes, she was alone in the world—separated and alienated from her sister and her husband, cut off, as she believed, by death, from her beloved young husband, she had no one to whom she could turn in any trouble or emergency.

But the varied experiences of the last four months had begun to develop a power in her, which she had never before dreamed that she possessed. She had grown strong, resolute, and self reliant in character; she had learned to plan for herself financially, and to feel that life had been given to her for some other purpose than simple enjoyment and pleasure.

The gayety and impulsiveness which had characterized her, previous to her troubles, had given place to a sweet and quiet dignity, a charming gentleness and grace were making her very attractive, and so, with a brave, firm heart, and an unwavering trust in the strong Hand, on which she had begun to lean during her illness in Mrs. Richardson's home and under her influence, she bravely took up the burden of her lonely life and resolved to do her very best in the trying position she had assumed.

But she had many sad hours, nevertheless; the bright past would sometimes arise, like some alluring phantom to remind her of her former happy, care-free life, and mock her in her present loneliness and sorrow, and for the time being the deep waters would seem to roll over her soul and threaten to swamp her beneath their cruel waves.

But she never yielded to such depression long—her bruised heart would always rise above her sorrow after a time, and turn with trusting confidence to the Comforter in whom her faith was every day growing stronger.

Bertha Lawrence, as has been seen from her father's account, had been an over-indulged child all her life.

From the hour when he had first discovered the dreadful fact that his motherless little girl was blind—a discovery which had nearly unsettled his reason—he had felt that the devotion of himself and all that he possessed could not make up to her for the loss of her sight, and he had spared nothing that would contribute to her comfort or enjoyment. He had literally showered luxuries and expensive gifts upon her from the very first, and once, when a friend had chided him for his lavishness and extravagance, he had replied that he "should regard a fortune as well spent if it would give her pleasure."

This, of course, was mistaken kindness, though prompted by tenderest love, for pleasure and unlimited gratification had palled upon her after a while, and this course of indulgence only developed a selfish spirit and an unusually strong will, which she had inherited from both parents.

If she was crossed ever so lightly, a spirit of antagonism and obstinacy was instantly aroused, which it sometimes took days to overcome, and was often made worse by servile coaxing and bribing on the part of those who had the care of her, this being considered the easiest way to get along with her.

Violet had a trial of this nature not very many days after she entered her duties as companion and governess and how she met it will be developed.

Miss Bertha always took her breakfast in her private sitting-room, because, as she retired early, she awoke earlier in the morning than the other members of the family, and it was thought best that she should not wait to eat with them.

When Violet learned this, she at once said that she would take her breakfast with her charge, if it would be agreeable to her.

Bertha thought this was very kind, and a delightful arrangement, and for a few days everything moved along harmoniously.

But one morning there came a storm to dispel this unusual calm.

Bertha had given orders for something that she particularly wanted for breakfast, but through some misunderstanding or oversight, it was not provided, although the table was very nicely laid with broiled chicken, hot rolls, Lyonna's potatoes, and an omelet, the latter usually being a favorite with the young lady.

"Where are my oysters?" Miss Bertha demanded, with a frown, after the servant had passed over the various viands upon the table, and she discovered that her order had been ignored.

"The man did not bring them, Miss Bertha," the girl answered.

"But I want some broiled oysters," persisted the unreasonable girl.

"I am very sorry, I am sure——" began the servant, when Bertha interrupted her, angrily:

"That doesn't make any difference; I'm going to have oysters, and I shall not eat any breakfast until I get them."

A threat of this kind usually resulted in somebody flying around to procure the desired delicacy, for the child was stubborn enough to keep her word, and it was believed it would never do to allow one born to such luxury to fast.

"I am sure this is a very nice breakfast, Bertha," Violet here ventured to say; "this broiled chicken is delicious; those hot rolls are just a lovely brown, and the sight of that golden omelet makes my mouth water."

But Bertha would not be coaxed—that had been tried too often already without avail. She threw herself back in her chair, a sullen, determined look on her face.

"Come, dear; I am really quite hungry," persevered Violet, as she took her by the hand to lead her to the table.

Bertha snatched it rudely away.

"I do not want any breakfast," she pouted.

"But it is very nice, and you can have the oysters to-morrow morning," urged Violet.

"I want them now. Mary, send John for them at once, and then have them cooked immediately," the child commanded, arbitrarily.

"But, miss, it would take a long time, and you would be half famished before you got your breakfast," remonstrated Mary.

"I don't care; I will have them!" Bertha insisted, passionately.

"No, dear, not this morning," Violet said, kindly, but firmly, and thinking it best to take matters into her own hands and settle them once for all. "Mary, roll Miss Bertha's chair to the table, and we will eat when we have."

The girl turned to obey, but Bertha struck at her, saying that she was to be left alone; she would not have any breakfast.

Violet thought a moment; then, with a significant glance at the servant, she said, quietly:

"Very well, Mary; if Miss Bertha does not care to eat, of course she need not. I will, however, have my breakfast now, as this nice chicken will be getting cold. You may pour me a cup of coffee for me, if you please."

She seated herself at the table and began to help herself to the various viands, and entirely ignoring the presence of the sulky girl on the other side of the room.

The servant looked very much amused at this new departure, while Bertha appeared speechless from astonishment.

She had never been dealt with in this manner before, and did not exactly know how to meet such treatment.

Violet was assured, and indeed Mr. Lawrence had told her that Bertha was a perfectly well child; therefore, she thought it would do her no harm to fast, and she was not at all troubled by her refusal to eat, at least not more so than what the unpleasant occurrence caused her to feel.

She proceeded quietly with her own employment, taking a little now and then with Mary, but not once addressing Bertha.

When she at length finished her meal, she asked, as a matter of form merely:

"Bertha, is there anything you would like from the table before Mary removes the service?"

"No; I want my oysters," was the pouting reply.

"Very well; then, Mary, you may take the things away, and when the oysters are ready I will have the broiled oysters to-morrow morning," Violet said, composedly.

Bertha lifted her head, a look of blank dismay written on every feature. Her face flushed an angry red, but apparently she did not know just what to do under the circumstances, and so continued to remain sullenly silent.

She was too proud and obstinate to succumb and eat anything, although the cravings of her healthful Hygeian nature were making themselves keenly felt, and soon the tempting breakfast was removed.

When the servant finally disappeared, after brushing up and putting the room in order, Bertha's passion broke all bounds.

She threw herself prone upon the floor, and began to cry and sob violently.

Violet paid no attention, however, to this outbreak, but taking up a book, appeared to be reading, although she was so excited and troubled by this first conflict with her pupil that she was unconscious that her book was upside down.

The child cried for nearly half an hour, and not one word was spoken during that time.

At last Bertha arose from her prostrate position, and moved toward the electric button which governed a bell in the kitchen.

"What are you going to do, Bertha?" Violet quietly asked.

"I am going to have my oysters," was the sullen yet determined reply.

"No, dear, you cannot have any oysters this morning; you must wait for them until to-morrow," Violet said, with a ring of decision in her tone which plainly indicated that there would be no appeal of the sentence. "If you are really hungry, Mary may bring you a cup of chocolate and some toast."

"I have chocolate and toast, and I want my breakfast. Nobody ever dared to treat me so before. I will have my oysters," she concluded, shrieking out these last words passionately.

Violet made no reply, and the child stood irresolute for a few moments, then threw herself into a chair and began to swing her feet back and forth violently, kicking the frame with every movement.

This uncomfortable state of affairs lasted until the clock struck nine, when Violet laid aside her book, saying, pleasantly, and as if nothing unusual had happened:

"Come, Bertha, it is time for our lessons."

She arose and wheeled the small table, upon which their text books were always kept, toward the bay window where Bertha liked to sit, and seating herself, took up a history and began to read aloud, as was her custom.

"No," cried Bertha, in an irritating tone, "I am not going to have any lessons this morning. I want my breakfast."

Violet was astonished at such persistent obstinacy in one so young; but she was determined that she would not yield to it. She felt that if she conquered in the first conflict she would be reasonably sure to come off victor in other encounters, while if she allowed herself to be beaten she might as well give up her position at once, for she would be able to do the child scarcely good without a curbing influence over her.

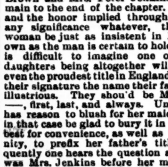
So she went quietly on with her reading, whereupon Miss Bertha clapped her hands over her ears as if to shut out the sound of her teacher's voice.

Violet was not going to waste her breath reading to the four walls, so she shut and laid down her book with a heavy sigh, and wondering how long this would last, and what she ought to do next.

(To be Continued.)

"A Really Pretty Girl"

Don't imagine when you see the "Health" Brand advertised opposite the figure of a pretty girl that it alludes to a new vintage of champagne, because it doesn't. This time it's a luxury for ladies, and refers to the newly introduced undervests by that name, which embody the greatest amount of comfort for the wearer, and are a sure safeguard against any such thing as rheumatism or cold. The first time you are out go into W. A. Murray & Co's. and ask them to show you these goods, and you will realize the truth of what we say.



PRISCILLA.

She wore no jewel save her eyes,
And yet she wasso wondrous fair,
A knight she would die for such a prize—
Ay, to be mentioned set in his prayer.

She had no fortunes save her soul!—
Such gold would make a miser mad.
One sight of her Satanas whole
And was forever after sad.—*Tom Hall.*

Women's Married Names

In the double surnames heard so frequently of late, women are giving forcible expression to their desire for some individuality after marriage. It made not the slightest difference in olden times, what distinction a woman might have won for herself, nor from how eminent a family she might have sprung. Before the altar she was required to sink her entire personality in that of her husband. Let him be John Brown or Peter Jenkins, and Mrs. John Brown and Mrs. Peter Jenkins must she remain to the end of the chapter. Now if fame and the honor implied through a name have any significance whatever, then should a woman be just as insistent in holding to her own as the man is certain to hold on to his. It is difficult to imagine one of Gladstone's daughters being altogether willing to marry even the proudest title in England and drop from their signature the name their father has made illustrious. They should be Mrs. Gladstone ——, first, last, and always. Unless a woman has reason to blush for her maiden name, and in that case be glad to bury it in marriage, it is best for convenience, as well as pride and dignity, to prefix her father's title. How frequently one hears the question asked: "Who was Mrs. Jenkins before her marriage?" and often endless confusion has been engendered in this way. All such annoyance could be obviated if she wrote her name Mrs. Brown-Jenkins. When one thinks of it, 'tis astonishing that so many years women have consented to efface their parentage and early life in that of their husbands. Now that young unmarried women are distinguishing themselves in such frequency, the matter promises to be righted in short order. It is doubtful whether Miss Philippa Fawcett will ever consent to a complete surrender of the name she and her father have united to make world-famous; and indeed it seems scarcely fair that daughters should not be allowed to share with sons the family dignities and degrees. It might be argued by an opposition that inextricable confusion would result from this compound multiplication of names, until at last the unfortunate great-grandchildren would find themselves saddled with the entire genealogical tree. This is absurd, however, as to pre-suppose that every mother would be a Mary Somerville, a Harriet Beecher Stowe, or a Sarah Siddons. Each woman needs her maiden name to establish her own individuality; but unless this name signified some very great mark of distinction, the children would very naturally content themselves with the father's name, which is theirs by right of birth.—*Illustrated America.*

Anecdotes of Decatur.

The gallant Decatur was a sailor to the heart's core, and loved to tell anecdotes of the common sailors, one of which follows: In one of the actions before Tripoli, while fighting hand to hand with the captain of a gun-boat, Decatur came near being cut down by a Turk, who attacked him from behind. A seaman, named Reuben James, who was already wounded in both hands, seeing the risk of his commander, rushed in and received the blow of the uplifted saber on his own head. Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his share of the reward, and when Decatur had recovered from his wounds, Decatur sent for him on deck, expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him to ask for some reward. The honest tar pulled up his waistband and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what recompense to ask, the messmates gathered around him nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear:

"He has all the world in a string, and can get what he pleases;" "the old man can deny him nothing," etc. One advised this thing, another, that; "double pay," "double allowance," "a boatswain's berth," "a pocket full of money, and a full swing on shore," etc. Jack elbowed them all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward to which he aspired; it was—to be excused from rolling up the hammock-cloths! The whimsical request was, of course, granted; and from that time forward whenever the sailors were piped to stow away their hammocks, Jack was to be seen loitering around and looking on, with the most gentle-man-like leisure.

The devoted fellow always continued in the same ship with Decatur. "I could always know the state of my 'b le by Jack," said the commodore. "If I was in a good humor, and wore a pleasant aspect, Jack would be sure to come to me, to receive a friendly nod; and if I was out of humor, and wore, as I sometimes did, a foul-weather physiognomy, Jack kept aloof and skulked among the other sailors." It is proper to add that Reuben James received a more solid reward for his gallant devotion than the privilege above mentioned, a pension having been granted him by the government.

On another occasion, Decatur had received at New York the freedom of the city as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day he overheard this colloquy between two of his sailors:

"Jack," said one, "what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving the Commodore?"

"Why, don't you know? Why, it's the right to frolic about the streets as much as he pleases, kick up a row, knock down the men and kiss the women."

"That's something worth fighting for!" remarked the other.

Misinterpreted.

Tam Lockhart was an honest, hard-working man, who lived with his wife, Kirsty, in a small cottage in the neighborhood of Lanark. Although he was nearly seventy years, he was a hale, well-preserved old fellow, troubled with none of the infirmities of age, save he was a little deaf.

One day he was taken ill rather suddenly, and he ordered Kirsty to send for the minister. Kirsty did so, and shortly afterwards the minister appeared on the scene.

The reverend gentleman, approaching the bed where Tam was lying, exclaimed:

"Well, my good man, what induced you to send for me?"

As the pastor spoke in a low, gentle tone, Tam did not hear what he said, so, turning to Kirsty, he asked:

"What does he say, Kirsty?"

"He says," replied Kirsty, at the pitch of her voice, "what the deuce did you send for him for?"

Drawing the Line.

Summer Girl—George, you must not kiss me any more.

Summer Youth—What! My dar——

Summer Girl—Don't put your arm around me. It isn't right now.

Summer Youth—Wha—what has happened?

Summer Girl—The gentleman I'm engaged to will be here in an hour.

Didn't Propose.

Tom—So you did not propose to that dear girl last night, as you intended to. Let my friend, I am afraid you were not fired by the divine spark of love.

Dick—No, I was fired by her father.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Retort Courteous

Adams—Well, Jones, been getting drunk again?

Jones (angrily)—That's my business.

Adams (pleasantly)—So I understand.—*Life.*

A Great Tongue.

"Does she talk much?"

"Talk? Well, I guess she does. Why, that woman's tongue wouldn't reach down to the bottom of the bottomless pit and half-way up again."

A Close Call.

Lucy—Emma and I went fishing yesterday, and we made a very narrow escape.

Adam—Did you fall in?

Lucy—No, we came near catching a fish, and there wasn't any body there to take it off.

Didn't Follow Directions.

Patient—A few days ago you told me to get a bicycle and ride it for my health. Now just see how br k-n up I am.

Doctor—Yes, I see; but it is very plain you haven't been riding it.

Spiteful But Conclusive.

Miss Plaingirl—I sometimes fear that he doesn't love me; yet he kissed me last night.

Miss Pretty-purt—Then you may rest assured that he loves you.

Unselfish of Her.

Brown—Does your wife keep her temper very well?

Jones—Um—er—some; but I get the most of it.

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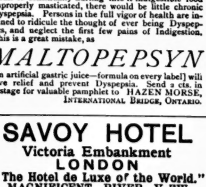

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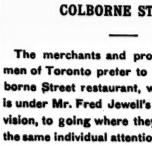

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BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &c.

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CHAPTER II.

"IN THE DEPTHS."

Since Colonel Callander returned to London, Collins, his soldier servant, contrived, with more or less success, to serve two masters, or rather a master and a mistress.

He generally addressed Miss Oakeley at breakfast, two or three times a week, with: "If you please, ma'am, I'm going over to do for the colonel this morning, or "If you have any message, ma'am, I'll be at the hotel between eleven and twelve." He never pretended to ask leave. The colonel's service was, in his mind, a supreme duty which swallowed up all others.

Collins would have laid down his life for his master. He thought him the prince of men, the flower of gentlemen. Nor was Collins alone in his opinion. The unhappy man, who at this period of his history was overweighted with a broken heart and diminished brain power, had always been best loved by those who knew him longest, and no one, perhaps, save his faithful attendant, perceived how profound was the change which sorrow and suffering had wrought in his reverent master.

He fully shared the dread with which Dorothy contemplated her brother-in-law's intended visit to Fordsea, and, impelled by a dim anticipation of possible danger, had ventured to ask permission to accompany him. This was immediately refused, so Collins was fain to satisfy himself by packing his master's valise, and re-arranging his belongings, as Miss Oakeley had persuaded Callander to establish himself in an hotel much nearer to her abode than Dover street. He resolutely rejected both her aunt and his mistress' offers of hospitality.

Collins therefore betook himself earlier than usual on the morning of the day Callander was to leave town, and had the time to take a few instructions from his master and hand him his hat and gloves.

"Ah! he'll never be like himself again," thought Collins, when he closed the door after him and began to empty the contents of a wardrobe and a large box on the bed and a table at its foot. "He treats me like a stranger, he sometimes doesn't seem to know who he is speaking to—Ay! those devils took more than a few rings and bracelets, they stole a brave fellow's heart and smashed it up the night they murdered my poor dear lady! I'd like to half hang 'em, cut 'em down, and hang 'em over again, I would!" He was proceeding to "work" his master's things as he thought thus—and had the Spanish sailor who had committed the crime suddenly appeared, his shrift would have been a short one.

"Come in!" shouted Collins almost angrily, still under the influence of these thoughts, as a tap on the door caught his ear. It opened, and Dillon the detective presented himself.

His appearance at that moment was most welcome to Collins, who, laying down the coat he was folding, greeted him warmly.

The colonel has just gone out, Mr. Dillon. I wonder you didn't run up against him."

"The porter was not quite sure whether he had gone out or no, so I just stepped up to see. I am sorry I missed him. I'll call again in the evening."

"Then you'll not see him, Mr. Dillon, for he's off by the six train for Fordsea!"

"For Fordsea!" echoed the detective, and he seemed to think very seriously. "Are you going with him?"

"No, worse luck. I think he'd be the better of a quasi-man beside him! May I make so bold as to ask if you have any news to tell?"

"Well, not much," taking a chair, and eyeing the varied collection of clothes, boots, and implements of all kinds, spread out before him, keenly, "and that, much or little, I can only tell by-and-by. It is perfectly amazing how mere whispers ooze out."

"That's true—you'll not mind me going on with my work. I want to finish up and pay up before one o'clock to get back for my young ladies' lunch."

"Oh, don't mind me, Mr. Collins. I'm sure it's pleasant to see how fine and orderly you settle them all. What a lot of fine things! Does your boss always carry an arsenal like that about with him? I suppose they are curiosities?"

"Not the pistols, they are in prime working order—some of these are things he has bought abroad, I daresay," pointing to one or two small scimitars, etc., which he was about to put in the bottom of a large trunk.

"You see," continued Collins, "the gentry must be doing something, and when they are traveling, between the journeys and going through the churches, and eating at the table d'hote, they have nothing to fill up the time w th, but going into dusty, fusty shops, and buying everything they can lay their hands on."

"That's true! It's easy to see you have not gone about with your eyes shut. Didn't some of these come from India?"

"Ay, the pistols did, and that 'ere crook'd sword, the others he brought back from Germany just now. I never saw them before."

"The Germans mostly put a mark on them," said the detective, taking one up and carrying it to the window, where he examined it for a minute or two and then returned it carelessly to Collins. "Yes, it's German make, and very old," he said.

"I suppose you have seen most things," observed Collins, admiringly. "Have you found out many murders, may I make so bold as to ask?"

"Ay, a goodish few! I could write a curious book about them."

"Have you could, I'll go bail. It would be fine reading."

"Yes, it might, if the subject were treated philosically! There's a deal of character in the way people set about a murder! I think I could tell pretty nearly from a man's face and build how he would set about his murders!"

"Would you now?" said Collins, pausing in the act of wrapping up a pair of boot trees, and listening with awe.

"Yes, there is yourself," looking sharply at him! "It would be a 'draw and defend yourself' sort of business with you. Then you'd fight fierce enough, till one or the other were done for."

"Well, Mr. Dillon, I wouldn't call that murder! Would you?"

"Out West we'd call it—not murder—certainly, but in England they would be apt to hang you for it! Then there's a class of men who stick you in the back, others make believe their victims kill themselves, that's what you might call the intellectual class of murders, it takes just a pile of planning and thinking out. I have had some very interesting cases of that kind through my hands! Women go in largely for poisoning. Lord! how long and carefully and delicately they'll contrive—ay, for months and months—before they finish their business! You see nature has given some of 'em cooling and invention to make up for want of strength."

"Bless my heart! it makes me feel creepy to hear you talk! Well, the man that struck our poor lady must have been a cowardly villain. How could he hurt her in her sleep!"

"Probably she began to stir, and he thought she would wake and scream, and he would be caught! so he silenced her forever. Burglars seldom take life if they can help it, but this fellow was a stranger probably, and did not know the ways of the place."

Here the door again opened—this time to admit Mrs. McHugh, who had a parcel in her hands and a displeased expression on her face.

"Oh! good morning, Mr. Dillon!" then turning sharply on Collins she went on, "Sure you were in an extra hurry this morning to go off and never remember to come up to me for the master's shirts, there wasn't a button left on them by that limb of a laundress. Now I have had to come the whole way myself. For I was not sure what time he would set out, and as to trusting that girl—Only a sailor man as you could express the depths of her deficiencies!"

"Well, ma'am, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the detective gallantly. "If you hadn't been obliged to come around I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you."

"You're very polite, I am sure!" returned Mrs. McHugh with an audible sniff, "and I am glad to have an opportunity of asking you if you have done anything at you ever intend to do anything! I am sure, from all Mr. Standish said of you to Miss Dorothy and me, I thought you'd catch the cunningest thief of a murderer that ever burrowed under the earth or dived under the sea! and here, near six months have passed, and you haven't laid your finger on him yet! Considering what we know, in a manner of speaking, who the cruel scoundrel is—it isn't such a tremendous task to find him."

Mrs. McHugh from extreme awe of, and faith in, Dillon's untried powers, had passed to the opposite extreme of doubt, deepening into utter distrust and contempt.

"I'm sorry to see you have such a poor opinion of me, ma'am," said Dillon, with mock humility, which enraged his interlocutor, who was too shrewd not to perceive his real indifference to her opinion. "However, I'm not quite done with the business."

"No, I don't suppose you will be till Mr. Egerton finds the wretch in Spain."

"Well, ma'am, you'll admit that Mr. Egerton has a few advantages over me. Yet, somehow I don't think he'll have any better success. Come, now, what'll you bet that I land the fish first?"

"Betting is not in my line, and I think too highly of a kind, good, generous gentleman like Mr. Egerton, to make a bet about him."

"Ay, just so! he is all that, and probably open-handed, and highly moral, a man you'd trust your life to, hey!"

"I would," said Mrs. McHugh, looking at him sternly, "and I'm sure I don't know what you mean by talking in a sneering way of such a gentleman, a gentleman whose money you know the touch of, I'll go bail!"

To her mortification the detective burst out laughing.

"No, ma'am, not yet! but if daresay I may have the handling of some of it before the year is much older. Now, I am afraid I must tear myself away from pleasant company. Ain't I unlucky, Mr. Collins, to miss the colonel? However, I can wait a bit to see him. Good morning, Mrs. McHugh! I hope I'll recover my place in your opinion before I die. Good morning, Mr. Collins." With a nod and a curious triumphant chuckle, Dillon left the room.

"Well, he is unlucky," said Collins, opening the parcel Mrs. McHugh had brought. "He has been six or seven times if he has been once to see the colonel, and he is never in."

"Mark my words, Collins. He don't want to find him!"

"I think you are wrong, Mrs. McHugh, and you'll excuse my remembering it, but I would not speak so sharp to him if I was you. He's a wonderful man, that Dillon. He knows what's inside your head almost before you do himself. He'll tell you the sort of murder you'd commit, by looking in your face. He—"

"He would turn you inside out, I daresay," said Mrs. McHugh, loftily, "but I'd like to hear him telling me the sort of murder I'd commit! Set him up! It's pretty plain the sort of company he is used to. I'm sure I think the poor man like Mr. Standish believing in him. He is just hanging on, spending the master's money, eating and drinking of the best, and pretending he's that deep that no one can fathom him. If anyone ever calculates that blood-thirsty villain, it will be Mr. Egerton, and Dillon knows it; that's why he is so spiteful against him. He'd be waiting full six months for justice on the wretch that robbed those precious children of their sweet mother! Don't tell me a detective that is so long settling a job is worth his salt. I'll never know a peaceful hour till I see that monster hung. Yes, I'd go to see him swing!"

"Well, I don't blame you, Mrs. McHugh. Still, I think Dillon knows a good bit. It's my belief he's playing a deep game, and he'll surprise you some day, no—no—he is wide awake. Look at his eyes—"

"I'd rather not. They are like ferret's. Well, there are the shirts, a dozen and one, and I am wanting to one of them. Ah, Collins! It makes my heart ache to look at the poor dear master! He is that loving to the children one minute, and can't bear the sight of them the next! It was too happy we were! To see the poor mistress and Miss Dorothy, just like loving angels, and the Colonel and Mr. Standish like brothers; sure, the cruel, envious evil spirits must have got the upper hand for an unlucky hour, to blight it all with their devilish spite. I must get back for the children's dinner. I suppose you won't be long?"

"Well, it will be a good half-hour, but I'll come as soon as I can."

Standish naturally took advantage of Colonel Callander's absence to renew his visits to Prince's Place. He was far too sensible to take offence at the whims of a man so evidently out of mental harmony, and he was anxious to see as much as he could of his interesting ward, whose mood puzzled and distressed him. In all her grief and depression, she had always spoken to him with the utmost confidence, with a degree of unreserve which showed how glad she was to open her heart to him. But for the last week she had grown silent, reserved, hesitating—she seemed to think before speaking to him.

This change worried him more than he confessed even to himself. It set him thinking of the time, before their great sorrow, when she had peremptorily refused Gordon, and revived the question which had then frequently presented itself: "Has Dorothy any girlish fancy for anyone, who perhaps does not seem to have amused himself and passed by?" He had in some occult way always felt Dorothy to be more companionable, more mature than her older sister. He often found unexpected depths in her quickly developing mind, and felt sure that, though proud and maidenly enough, she was sufficiently individual to form a decided liking apart from that waiting "to be chosen" which is the conventional type of womanly feeling, but she was sufficiently strong also to hide it, though not to trample it down without suffering, and he loved his lonely little ward too well to contemplate such a possibility without keen distress.

Yet he knew her simple life so well, that he wondered he could not fix upon the man who had attracted her. Could it have been that pleasant young sailor who was of their party to Rookstone? She saw so very little of him, she could hardly have much feeling about him. Should he ask her? Standish knew human nature well enough to be aware that confidence is rarely given in reply to a point-blank question. No, he must try and win it. "If there are any difficulties between her and the man she may possibly love, I will do what I can to smooth them. I trust in God she hasn't given her heart to a scamp! It is quite possible. Love is an awfully dangerous game for so young a creature. Why, Dorothy will not be twenty till the end of July, and it seems but yesterday that she came with pride to show me her first long frock. If I had made a boyish marriage, which, thank God, I did not, she might have been my daughter."

So pondering, Standish reached Prince's Place, and was shown upstairs to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Oakeley.

Still further upstairs Dorothy was amusing her little nephew and niece, as the chill February afternoon was too showery and gusty windy to allow of their going out. Mrs. McHugh sat at her needle-work, while "auntie" built up card houses for "Boy" to knock down.

"Isn't he silly?" cried Dolly, as the riotous little fellow held his chubby hands ready to level the structure before the second story was quite finished. "Be quiet, you naughty boy; let us see if auntie can make it much—much higher."

"Naughty! Dolly naughty!" he exclaimed, rising on the foot-board of his chair to slap his sister with right good will.

"For shame, Master Herbert! to strike your sister. That's not like a gentleman."

"Let me build one quite high house, darling, and you shall knock down the rest," and the peaceful work went on for a few minutes.

"And is there no news at all of Mr. Egerton?" asked nurse, breaking a tolerably long silence, while she threaded her needle.

"Mr. Standish had one letter from him, soon after he had reached Valencia before he had time to do anything, but he has not written since, though he promised to do so!"

"Well, to my mind, he is the likeliest man to do any good. Why that wonderful detective has just been making fools of us all!"

"Mr. Egerton promised to write again soon, when he had anything to tell. Mr. Standish may have a letter any day."

"Perhaps he will come to-day. I fancy he has come, too, for I heard the door-bell a few minutes ago."

"Miss Oakeley is in the drawing-room," said Dorothy, without stirring.

"I wish the colonel was back, Miss Dorothy. He'll be wandering about over the place, and to that lonely little churchyard, breaking his heart, if that can be done twice over. That's where he used to go every time he went home when he went away with Mr. Egerton. Many a time I've heard the front door open softly, and got up to watch him steal out in the grey of the morning."

"How do you know he went there, nurse?"

"Because he always took the Rookstone road, and you'll remember a bit of a boy that used to bring us in bird-laid eggs sometimes. Well, he told me how he had been herding sheep on the hill-side behind the little chapel, and saw the poor gentleman in the early morning once stooping down and gathering the heather there and laying himself down on the ground in his place."

"Ah, what he must have suffered, and how wonderfully he controls himself in our sight!"

"True for you, Miss Dorothy."

"You never mentioned this before, nurse."

"No; why should I? Hadn't you enough to distract you! But I wish that decent, sensible man, Collins, had gone with him. He'll be terrible lonesome. Come now, my dears, I must clear that table, and get tea. Let Miss Dorothy go; she is wanted downstairs."

"And when you have finished tea, you shall come down too" said Dorothy, escaping with some difficulty.

Descending slowly, Dorothy found the drawing-room door ajar, and, entering softly, saw Henrietta and Standish in the recess formed by a bay window, their backs were to her. Standish held Henrietta's hand, and as Dorothy passed, uncertain as to her next movement, Standish exclaimed warmly: "My dear Henrietta, how can I ever thank you enough!" and kissed the hand he held.

Dorothy slipped away as noiselessly as she had entered, and went down to the small study, where she selected a book; then, feeling strangely tremulous, she sat down and tried to clear her thoughts from the painful haze which seemed to dim them. Soon, very soon it seemed to her, Collins came in and said, "Miss Oakeley desired me to say that tea is ready, miss."

"Very well; I will come."

The cosy tea-table was set close by the fire; Henrietta held the teapot, and Standish stood on the rug.

"Where have you been, Dorothy?" cried the tea-maker. "I have sent up and down to find you. Mr. Standish has a letter from Mr. Egerton, he wanted to show you."

"There is very little in it," said Standish. He had shaken hands with his ward, looking kindly and anxiously into her face, and then drawn over a chair for her.

"I never expected much from him," returned Dorothy.

"He certainly is not sparing himself," returned Standish. "Here is his letter," Dorothy took it and laid it on the table.

Standish watched her with some curiosity, and Henrietta, who seemed in high spirits, launched into a description of her Aunt Callander's unreasonableness about the children, about the trouble they gave when they did go to see her, and the terribly bad system on which they were brought up.

Then, looking at her watch, she exclaimed, "Oh! I must go out. I promised my aunt to see her to-day. She has a bad cold. Indeed, I was thinking she is at all well. I am quite sorry about her, poor old thing! You can tell Dorothy what we have been talking about, Mr. Standish. Ring the bell, please, and I'll run to get me a cab. Good-bye," she added to Standish, "I suppose you will be gone by the time I come back."

As soon as they were alone, Standish, after looking very earnestly at Dorothy, sat down on the sofa behind her.

"Don't you care to read the letter?" he asked.

"I should prefer hearing its contents from you."

Her voice sounded dull and despondent.

"Well then," taking it up, "Egerton, after much searching, has found an old muleteer whose nephew Pedro is a sailor, and, like the old man thinks, on board a vessel that traded between Cadiz and the Levant, and sometimes went further. The muleteer does not know where he is now, but he appeared last December at Alicant, and seemed very flush of cash. Since then he has gone to sea again, and his return is problematical."

"Yes, I suppose it is—very," returned Dorothy quietly.

"My dear Dorothy, something is working in your mind which you hide from me. It is tormenting and distressing you. Don't you think you had better open your heart to me?"

As he spoke, Collins came in to clear away the tea things, and until he was gone neither of them spoke.

Standish repeated: "Don't you think so, Dorothy?"

"No, Paul. It would be of no use. In fact I have ceased to look back at it, I have ceased to win poor Herbert back to something like his old self."

"Well, Dorothy, I cannot force you to speak if you do not choose to do so. But what have I done that you shut up your heart from me? You have shrunk from all our old confidential communications. Have I slipped out of my former place in your esteem? Eh, Dorothy?"

Her heart swelled with an intense longing to throw her arms round his neck, as she used when in former years she flew to him with any childish complaint against her teachers; but, with a powerful effort of self-control, she smiled sweetly in his face, and said, a little unsteadily—

"Dear Paul! as if I could ever change to you, my best friend! I shall have heaps of confidences to pour into your sympathetic ear from time to time, if you have patience to hear them!"

She held out her hand in her old frank way. Standish held it for a moment between his own, looking very grave.

"I am always ready to listen to you, dear Dorothy, and wish you would trust me for your own sake."

"What is it Henrietta told you to tell me?"

"We have been arranging a scheme for Callander and all of you. We propose that when the time for which you took this house is up—that is in about a fortnight, I think—you should set up your headquarters in Brussels. There are pictures, and churches, and the field of Waterloo for Callander to meditate upon, and you are en route everywhere. Henrietta, I mean Miss Oakeley, thinks that if you persuade your aunt that you cannot travel without him, he will consent to live with you, and then the children and yourselves being constantly with him, will draw him gradually out of himself. He has sent in his papers and gives up the army, I am sorry to say, though I quite expected it."

"Yes! Oh, he could hardly go back to the regiment. I think the idea of getting him away to totally different life is very good. If he will consent to do this plan! I do wish he was all right with you! It will be trying to Henrietta if you cannot go and come as you used."

"To Henrietta! Yes, and to me, too; and, pray, don't you care to see me any more?"

The question was put playfully, but, strive as she would, Dorothy could not respond in the same tone.

"Not wish to see you?" she repeated, with quivering lips, while her eyes filled up with sudden tears; "What should I do without you?"

"My dear little Dorothy," exclaimed Standish, sitting down by her on the sofa, and putting his arm round her, he tried to draw her close to him.

But Dorothy struggled to free herself with an impetuosity which amazed him, and he immediately let her go.

"I beg you a thousand pardons for forgetting you are a grand, grown up young lady," he said, with a novel sense of awkwardness. "You see, I used to be so accustomed to kiss away your tears, that I was on the point of repeating the panacea. If you but knew how it pains me to see your pale, sad face, you would not be vexed by my lapse of good manners."

"Vexed! oh, no; not vexed!" murmured Dorothy, confusedly. Then, in a tone of relief: "Here are the children!"

Dolly and "Boy" were warmly welcomed.

Standish gave the latter endless rides on his foot, and let Dolly clamber about him, take out his watch, rearrange his chain, and generally do what she liked.

In the intervals of these amusements, he contrived to ask Dorothy if she had been resting, to recommend her some books, and offer to send them to her; to ask her if she had summoned courage to touch the piano once more, and if she had tried to make the effort to resume her old way of life. But there was an indefinable change in his tone. He seemed suddenly to have grown very old.

At last he was obliged to leave. He had barely left himself time to dress for dinner.

"Then you like and approve of our Brussels scheme?" he said.

"Yes. I think it is the best thing to be done."

"Then you can discuss it with Henrietta this evening and I shall see you to-morrow, when I hope there will be some tidings of Callander. Good evening, my dear ward."

A noisy farewell from the children, and he was gone.

"Why did he kiss Henrietta's hand? and what was it he thanked her for so enthusiastically?"

She went to sleep with this unanswered question preying on the heart.

(To be continued.)

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End of the Comedy.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light;
There is a hint of passion in the plot,
Of love thinly veiled with sun and soon forgot—
An old, old play.

But, ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steal, dark'ning all the while
To where the pain-lined head bends above a gold
With all the grace it bent o'er yours of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes by, with music and the dance,
But still are marks, with sidelong furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends his head to hear
Some earnest word, in just the sweet old way—
It is the play.

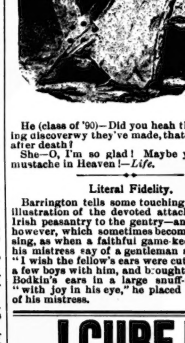
Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her breast—
A bitter play.

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die, one by one;
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air,
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns,
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns;
And why her lips are white he cannot guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.

KATHARINE PHILLIPS WILLIAMS.

That Would be He. venly.



He (class of '90)—Did you heah that astonishing discovery they've made, that hair growws after death?

She—O, I'm so glad! Maybe you'll have a mustache in Heaven!—*Life.*

Literal Fidelity.

Barrington tells some touching anecdotes in illustration of the devoted attachment of the Irish peasantry to the gentry—an attachment, however, which sometimes becomes embarrassing, as when a faithful gamekeeper, hearing his mistress say of a gentleman she disliked: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off!" "took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears in a large snuff-box," which, "with joy in his eye," he placed in the hands of his mistress.

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A servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen, one morning, was visited by her mistress, who found her in bed suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold, and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children.

"How much did you take?" asked her mistress.

"Well, mum, I went by the directions on the bottle. It said 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult, and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or an adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh turned me inside out."—*Medical Brief.*

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Tourist—By the way, whose fine property is this?

Native—Mr. Suburb's. He's a gentleman farmer.

Tourist—Is Mr. Hayseed a gentleman farmer, too?

Native—Nope. He's a farmer.

Tourist—What's the difference?

Native—Mr. Suburb sells what he can't eat, and Mr. Hayseed eats what he can't sell.

Looked Suspicious.

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Cumso—Why?

Mrs. Cumso—It looks like a reflection on my amiability.

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Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

of the walls and festooned over the raised platform at the end of the room where the musicians, also from Buffalo, took up their position. Birds were gracefully flying from above the piano and fluttering from the chandeliers, and at one end of the room a perfect bank of favors of various kinds was temptingly displayed, while lines and cross lines of Chinese lanterns hung from chandelier to chandelier down the entire room. The effect was exceedingly pretty, but it was not perfected until about half-past nine, when some of the fairest faces and the handsomest costumes seen here this summer appeared in all their loveliness to dazzle the onlookers. Very few were allowed into the ball-room, only the guests of the hotel and a few favored ones from the outside world being invited to witness the gay scene. Among the invited were: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Geale, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy, Miss Strathy and Miss B. Strathy, Miss Bunting, Miss Ker, Miss Griffith, Miss Munro, Miss M. Cameron, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Morson, Capt. Dickson, Mr. Pauw, Miss Baker, Mr. Wood, Mr. Foulkes, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Milloy and Miss Cameron. Some of those taking part in the dance were: Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, Miss Moffat, Miss Shoemaker, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Miss Henderson, Mr. Frank Brown, Miss Brown, Miss Stevenson, who, assisted by Mr. Harding, led the German, Mr. T. Caisholm of Toronto, Mrs. Gay and Mr. Casimir Dickson. A grand supper, which was announced about twelve o'clock, was set out in the long dining-room, the tables all prettily decorated with flowers and high pyramids of ferns, after which dancing was continued until about half-past two.

A grand and crowded ball on Saturday night brought the week of unusual gaiety to a close. The decorations from the german of Friday remained up for Saturday, and the room presented a gayer appearance than it has worn this season. The floor was absolutely perfect, and as it was generally understood that it was the last of the delightful hops of this season, every one was present, and dancing was indulged in to an almost alarmingly heavy extent. Among the many present were: Mrs. J. C. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garrett, Miss Hewgill, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Shanklin, Miss Baker, Miss Shoemaker, Miss Griffith, Miss M. Geale, Dr. H. L. Anderson, Mr. Mossum Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. S. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Miss B. Strathy, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. J. Chittenden, Mr. Lontz, Mr. Noxon, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Percy Ball, Mr. E. Ball, Mr. F. Geddes, Miss Rosamond Geddes, Miss Milloy, Miss Cameron, Mr. Hugh Watt, Mr. Russell, Miss Edith Russell, Mr. J. P. Beatty, Miss Stevenson, Mr. F. Brown, Miss Brown, Miss Gorton, Miss Moffat, Miss F. Smith, Miss Bunting, Mr. Pauw, Miss Clark, Mr. Folkes, Mr. and Miss Hill of Niagara Falls, Mr. Douglas Palmer, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Wood, Major Smith of London, Mr. McMann, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss B. Paffard, Mr. T. Chisholm, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mrs. Gas Foy, Mrs. J. Foy. Some of the dresses I noticed were: Mrs. Macdougall's, a pretty combination of pink satin and white lace; Miss Strathy, ball, white china silk; Miss Paffard, white cashmere; Miss Gorton, blue china silk; Miss B. Strathy, violet satin with velvet bodice; Miss Strathy, black lace; Miss M. Geale, white India muslin and sarah; Miss Stevenson, mauve and white china silk; Miss Bunting, smoke colored gauze over pink satin; Mrs. Ker, black and gold; Miss Clark, white china silk; Miss Haun, blue silk; Mrs. Gay, white cashmere made old English style with deep girdle of silver cord; Miss Milloy, a combination of white cashmere and yellow china silk; Miss Cameron, black lace; Miss Edith Kingsmill, black net; Miss Griffith, lemon colored china silk; Miss Munn, black silk; Mrs. G. Foy, *ecru* silk; Miss Hill, crushed strawberry; Miss Elliott, silver grey cashmere with front of white dotted silk; Mrs. Stewart Strathy, black lace and natural flowers; Miss Barker, pink mull; Miss E. Russell, amber colored china silk; Miss Geddes, pink nun's veiling; Mrs. Garrett, black silk and white lace.

Miss Bailey of the Western Home sailed for England this week but her trip will be a short one as she intends returning about the end of next month.

Mr. F. M. Geale spent a few days in town last week, returning to the city on Monday.

Miss A. Morson, who has been visiting friends here, left for home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Strathy are among those who are again turning homeward after a summer spent in this gay little town. They left for Toronto last Wednesday to the regret of their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Boyd and family, who have been among the summer visitors, left for home this week.

Mr. J. Chittenden of Buffalo spent last Sunday in town, also Mr. Lautz of Buffalo, Mr. Noxon of Toronto, Mr. G. Hart, Mr. J. P. Beatty, Mr. Alfred Jones and Mr. J. Pauw.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichol Kingsmill are stopping at the Queen's.

Miss Russell has returned, after an absence of some weeks. It is rarely one unknown in the musical world has the wonderful gift of song which is Miss Russell's, and those fortunate enough to hear her often are indeed to be envied.

Miss Heward crossed to Toronto for a few days this week.

Mr. Ferrers Knyvett, who has been spending his holidays at the Chautauqua, left for the States last Monday.

Mr. J. Russell has been spending a few days in town.

Miss Haun of Toronto was in town for a few days this week, the guest of Mrs. F. Geddes.

Mr. R. H. Bowes of Toronto passed through on Monday on his way home from Boston and New York, stopping a day or two here before continuing his way to the city.

To the delight of the young people who have found the weekly hops at the Queen's so enjoyable this season, there is some prospect of another being held this evening, although the grand ball given last Saturday was announced as the final one. The place will seem strange indeed without the dances which have so pleasantly closed each week and which an unusually large number have found so delightful. GALATEA.

OTTAWA.

The Dominion Rifle Association matches have brought together in the Capital markets from all over the Dominion, the corps of the Queen City being well represented. Among the social festivities in which the visitants partook were an At Home given by Mrs. Kirkpatrick at the Rideau, and a reception by the officers of the Foot Guards at the Drill Hall. Of these gaieties, more in next week's letter.

A hymeneal event of a decidedly interesting nature occurred last Tuesday, when Mr. Edward Mahon, barrister, led to the altar Miss Theresa Edmondson, daughter of Mr. James Edmondson of Wilbrod street. The ceremony took place in St. Joseph's church, Rev. Mr. Pallier officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Annie Edmondson and Miss Annie Tremblay and Messrs. S. J. Edmondson and M. J. Mahon acted as groomsmen. The bride was attired in pearl gray satin with demi-train, the latter being carried by Miss Katie Gravelle and Miss Lulu Foley, while the bridesmaids wore white nun's veiling dresses with brocaded silk front and sash. They also wore sprays of smilax and carried bouquets of pink and white roses. The pretty little train-bearers were dressed to match and wore wreaths of bridal roses. The *d jeuner* after the ceremony was an elaborate affair and was attended by a large number of guests, after which the newly wedded couple left on a honeymoon trip to New York and Boston.

The garden party given in aid of St. Barnabas church, Sewarton, at the end of last week, was most enjoyable. The following ladies took charge of the affair: Candy, flowers and cigars—Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Lyons and the Misses Maxwell, Beasley, E. Cox, Little and O'Neil. Coffee—Mrs. Dunlevie and the Misses Little, Sharpe, Booker, Marsh, Queen, Storr and Miller. Ice cream—Mrs. Featherstone, Mrs. Baillie and the Misses Eastman, M. Thompson and T. Thompson. Music was discoursed during the evening by the Guards' band.

Ex-Mayor McLeod Stewart the other evening entertained at dinner, at the Rideau Club, Mr. Henry F. Moore, editor of the *Mail Ottawa Express*, of London, England. The other guests were Sir John Thompson, U. S. Consul-General Lay, Mr. F. Gundry, Col. Powell, Mr. C. Berkeley Powell, Mr. R. Gill, Mr. D. B. McTavish, Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, Mr. M. J. Griffin, Ald. McLean, C. H. Mackintosh, M.P., Sir James Grant, Mr. W. A. Allan, Mr. A. F. McIntyre and Mr. P. D. Ross.

The opening of the duck shooting season on the first sent over a hundred enthusiastic sportsmen up the Grand river and to other points supposed to be favorite resorts of that feathered biped. Among those who left were Messrs. Harry Lane, W. J. Henry, J. Marshall, E. Panet, W. McMahon, E. H. Mills, F. Hubbard, A. Throop, W. J. Robertson, R. G. Dalton, H. H. Rowatt, Nellis Perkins, T. and R. Turley, E. A. Grant, W. McEwan, and others. One old sportsman said that if every one who has gone up the canal and Grand river gets only one duck each, the whole district will be cleaned out.

The Primrose Canoe Club held a Ladies' night at Mrs. Morson's, of Lewis street, last Friday evening, when a large number of invited guests passed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. F. R. Latchford has been made the recipient of a handsome silver tea-set, by the members of the Celtic Benefit Association, of which society he is President, on the occasion of his recent marriage. The present was accompanied by an address of congratulation.

Mr. Edmonson of Manchester is in the city. He represents Manchester and Glasgow houses, and is one of the most popular travelers visiting Ottawa. It is thirty-four years since Mr. Edmonson first came here, and this last trip out was his one hundred and ninth time of crossing the Atlantic.

A garden social will be held at the residence of Mrs. John Walker, Chelsea road, on September 24. The Guards' band has been engaged and novel attractions provided. A pleasant evening is anticipated.

Mr. G. T. Stalker of this city has forwarded plans for the competition for the Quebec city hall, which will be opened this week.

Messrs. A. E. Tripp and R. J. Sims, law students, have succeeded in passing their first intermediate examinations at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Mr. Sims ranked first among sixteen competitors.

Mr. W. Griffiths, of Cardiff, Wales, who has been taking views around Kingston and the bay of Quinte, was in the city this week, on his way home.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of London, England, were in the city a few days since, on their way to the Northwest. Mr. Anderson is on a hunting trip.

Mrs. S. Christie, Miss Christie, and Miss Jessie Christie have returned from Kennebunk, Me., where they have been spending several weeks.

HAMILTON.

The first dance of this season was given last Wednesday, when Mrs. McGiverin of "The Homestead," Queen street, gave a small dance in honor of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Price of London, Eng., who were the guests of Mrs. McGiverin for a few days, paying Hamilton (their former home) what we might call a "flying" visit. Unfortunately it rained during the day, which made the beautiful grounds unavailable; however, the evening being cool, dancing was much indulged in and enjoyed by everyone. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Dr. and Mrs. White, the Misses Hendrie, Miss Parker, Miss Mills, Miss MacInnes, Miss Dunlop, Miss I. Hobson, the Misses Ricketts, Miss Findlay, Messrs Gillespie, Saunders, Morris, C. and E. Ricketts, Dawar, Duncan, Patterson, Osborne, MacInnes, Stuart, and many others. Many lovely gowns were worn; Mrs. McGiverin received in a handsome velvet *en traine*; Mrs. Price, wore black with flowered brocade; Miss Price, a gown of mauve bengaline with violet velvet trimmings and feathers of the same shade; Miss McGiverin, white tulle with silver brocade bodice; Miss Hendrie, blue and gold satin, and Miss A. Hendrie, an empire gown of white and gold. Miss Parker wore pink; Miss Hobson, black; Miss Dunlop, blue; Miss Harvey, a pretty gown of yellow gauze; Miss Mary Harvey, white; Miss Ricketts, white tulle; Mrs. Mackelcan, yellow moire gown with gold fillet in her hair; Mrs. MacInnes, yellow, and Miss Spratt, old gold with a posy of hops.

There are several hymeneal events to take place this autumn; cards are out for two already: Miss Stewart, step-daughter of Mr. Lindsay of the Bank of Hamilton, to Mr. Jarvis of Toronto, for September 10; Miss Parker, daughter of Mr. J. E. Parker, to Mr. Morris of the Bank of Montreal, for September 17.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ramsay have returned from England where they have been enjoying the summer months.

Miss Leggat has returned to town from Muskoka, where she has been the guest of Mrs. Baker on Cassie Island.

The farewell hop at the Arlington on Friday night by the beach residents was a great success. They had a special train put on and a great many people availed themselves of the pleasure and went down to enjoy the most successful hop of the season. The music, floor and supper were exceptionally good, and it was early morning when the merry dancers arrived home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Wanzer, Mr. and Mrs. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner, the Misses Hendrie, Miss Hobson, Miss Leggat, Miss Hobson, Mrs. Ernest Smith of London, Miss Moore, Miss Mills, Messrs. Ricketts, Saunders, Gates, Gillespie, Bullen, Burns, H. Gates, Hobson, Palmer, Gartshore, Leggat.

Mrs. Roach of Barton street gave a tennis on Thursday for Mrs. Charles Jones of Boston. Miss Wallace of Toronto is also a guest of Mrs. Roach.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, with their children and suite, are now comfortably lodged in their temporary beautiful home, Highfield, the residence of the late Senator Turner. On Sunday they attended service at St. John's Presbyterian church, of which Hon. and Rev. Mr. Moreton is pastor. In the evening they were at the Church of the Ascension.

Miss Grace Spratt is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Fuller, Herkimer street. SYLVIA.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. J. Warrington entertained her friends on the steamer Nellie Cuthbert, Tuesday afternoon. About sixty ladies and gentlemen were present. Mrs. Warrington must be a special favorite of the clerk of the weather, as it was all that could be desired—quite warm enough for an agreeable outing on our beautiful bay. The party returned about nine o'clock, after an afternoon and evening of thorough enjoyment.

Mrs. Patullo of Woodstock and Mrs. Casey are the guests of their brother, W. Biggar, M.P.P., at his residence, Bridge street.

Mr. and Mrs. Corby and daughters have returned from a trip up the lakes.

Miss Fannie Jones, daughter of Rev. Septimus Jones, Toronto, made a short stay with Miss Ponton, Sidney Cottage, on her way home from England.

Mr. W. Thompson, of Mr. John Bell's office, has returned from a pleasant trip to Rochester and other points.

Mr. Woodyatt, postmaster of Brantford, is the guest of Mr. R. Mathison.

Dr. and Mrs. Farley have returned from the sea.

Miss Johnston of the Misses E. & H. Johnston is again in town after an extended trip to England, France and Germany.

A Fall Subpœna.

One of the cleverest advertising schemes which has been worked in Toronto for many years is that of Mr. Henry A. Taylor of the Rossin House Block, who, in due form as by the statutes made and provided, has issued a subpœna to the gentlemen of Toronto to appear before him as Master of the High Court of Tailoring to answer why they should not buy their fall raiment at his well equipped place. The cleverness and adaptability of a business man is very frequently shown by his advertising specialties, and in this matter Mr. Taylor has proved himself Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeal in matters which pertain to gentlemen's garments.

Grand Opera House.

Beginning Monday evening and continuing for five nights, with Wednesday matinee, the popular comedians, Hallen & Hart, and their clever company will be seen at the Grand in their amusing musical farce comedy, Later On. This organization was very successful here last season, and the entertainment was particularly satisfactory. The company has been increased in numbers and includes many prominent vocalists and specialists. The musical novelties are said to be all new, and every bit of scenery used will be brought from New York. Incidental to the second act Miss Price, from the London Alhambra, will introduce her wonderful skirt dance, and in the third act a gavotte will be seen. Manager Hine promises an entertainment which is seldom seen in connection with a farce comedy.

A Testimonial Worth Having

We are proud to be able to quote from a letter of one of Toronto's most eminent doctors, T. W. Strange, Esq., M.R.C.S.:

The Ladies' Undervests manufactured in Montreal by the Montreal Silk Mills Company appear to be as near perfection as possible. They combine warmth, softness, lightness, porosity, meeting all the requirements of a delicate, sensitive skin, and are especially conducive to Health in a climate so variable as that of Canada. They well merit the name of "HEALTH UNDERVESTS," and are a credit to the skill of the manufacturers and a boon to the sex.

For sale by W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Academy of Music

C. J. WHITNEY, LESSEE.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL THEATER

GRAND OPENING

Monday, September 8

Exhibition Week, by the famous

BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.

IN

A GENUINE COMIC OPERA

FAUVETTE

Direct from the Boston Stage after a run of 100 Nights

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, EXQUISITE COMEDY, BRILLIANT DIALOGUE.

A Splendid Chorus, Complete Orchestra

SIXTY PERSONS

NEW AND BRILLIANT COSTUMES

Prices—$1, 75c, 50c, 25c. Plan opens Friday, September 5, at box office.

STRAUSS

AT

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

SEPT. 17, AFTERNOON
" 17, EVENING
" 18, AFTERNOON

Even'g Prices, $2 & $3
Afternoon, $2 & $1 50

Subscribers' plan opens MONDAY MORNING, Sept. 8, 10 o'clk, at A. & S. Nordheimer's, and to the general public September 10.

Subscribe Now and Have First Choice

Strauss also appears in Montreal, Sept. 15; Ottawa, 16; Hamilton, (Evening) 18, and London, 19.

The Canadian Office and School Furniture Co., Limited

PRESTON - - - - ONTARIO

(Successors to Stahlschmidt & Co.)

Manufacturers of Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture

OFFICE DESK NO. 51

Send for catalogue.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Our work in advertising is well done if we succeed in making people understand the first-class quality of the goods we carry, and then know the prices. Examine our goods and then study our Catalogue and Price List, and you will certainly be our customer. We are trying to get the Catalogue and Price List in every house in the city, and if we fail, will send free on request. All goods delivered in the city promptly. Any householder reading carefully our Price List and reporting the same to us before October 1, will have choice of one of the treatise on The Horse and His Diseases or a good cook book, as they may choose. These books are cheaply bound, but the contents are unexcelled. We received this week: 11 gross of Mirrors, which we are selling from 2c., worth 15c. Our store this week is crowded with children buying cheap School Books and School Supplies.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

MISS PAYNTER,

MILLINERY PARLORS

NOW OPEN

With all the Latest Novelties of the Season.

No 3 Rossin House Block,

KING STREET WEST.

LOWE'S ACADEMY

OF

Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

278 Spadina Avenue and 184 Parliament Street

Pupils are taught above subjects privately and thoroughly for $5.

SADDLE AND CARRIAGE HORSES

BY AUCTION.

There will be sold by the Canadian Breeders' Live Stock Sale Association, on

Sept. 16, 17 and 18, at London, Ont.

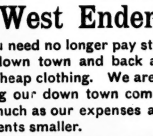
ABOUT

100 TRAINED HUNTERS

Saddle and Carriage Horses, also 200 general purpose Horses. Every horse will be shown in harness and saddle, and guaranteed sound and subject to veterinary inspection. Saddle Horses, Hunters and Matched Pairs sold the first day.

DOUGLAS H. GRAND, Manager,
205 Dundas Street.

REMOVAL



Remington Standard Typewriter

Headquarters is now at

4 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent.

West Enders

You need no longer pay street car fare down town and back again to buy cheap clothing. We are underselling our down town competitors inasmuch as our expenses are less, our rents smaller.

MOTHERS, bring your boys to us. We will clothe them to your satisfaction. Remember, we guarantee a fit in every case.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West, Toronto

DRESSMAKERS'

Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified

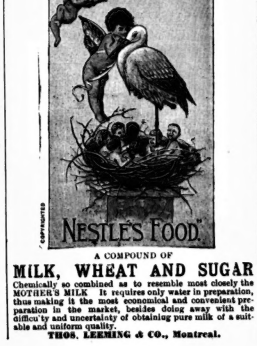
COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE

MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.

Waist Linings and Dresses Cut. Orders made to Order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

426 1-2 Yonge St.

(Just south of College)



MILK, WHEAT AND SUGAR

Chemically so combined as to resemble most closely the MOTHER'S MILK. It requires only water in preparation, thus making it the most economical and convenient preparation in the market, besides doing away with the difficulty and uncertainty of obtaining pure milk of a suitable and uniform quality.

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Montreal.

OUR

Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

But they are going fast. If you are wanting a bargain now is the time.

Boys' Suits, regular prices $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, $5.50 and $6,

ALL GO FOR

$2.75

The Model Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street

Corner Shuter Street

J. E. BROWN & CO.

FINE DISPLAY

DIAMONDS

AND

Gold and Silver Jewelry

AND

PLATED WARE

AND NOVELTIES

AT

BROWN'S

110 YONGE STREET

TORONTO

FINE TAILORING

I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

JOHN J. TONKIN

COR. YONGE & RICHMOND, TORONTO.

R. WALKER & SONS

TORONTO'S LEADING HOUSE FOR

Ready-made Dresses

For Ladies or Children of any age.

Tea Gowns,

House Wrappers,

Dressing Jackets

Why go through all the worry and anxiety of having a dress made, with the uncertainty as to when it will be finished and whether the style will be becoming, and the certainty of paying a heavy bill, when the most fashionable dresses and tea gowns can be had ready-made, selected, fitted on, and paid for all within one hour. As this is a comparatively new department, we shall be pleased to convince any lady favoring us with the opportunity that this is one of the conveniences of the age.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 KING STREET EAST.

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Fashionable Furriers

Short Sealskin Jackets
Long Sealskin Coats
Sealskin Dolmans
Fur-lined Overcoats
Fur-lined Circulars
Seal and Persian Lamb Caps

FUR GLOVES, FUR MATS, FOOT MUFFS, Etc

J. & J. LUGSDIN

Manufacturers, - - 101 Yonge Street

Ladies' fur garments altered to the latest fashion. Now is the best time to have them done.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 691 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst Street.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

SYKES—At Toronto, on September 2, Mrs. Sydney B. Sykes—a daughter.
COCKBURN—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. A. A. Cockburn—a daughter, prematurely.
MACLEAN—At Vancouver, B. C., on August 29, Mrs. M. A. MacLean—a son.
WARREN—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. F. B Warren—a daughter.
GOULNLOCK—At Toronto, on August 23, Mrs. George W. Goulnlock—a daughter.
HORSEY—At Toronto, on August 26, Mrs. J. Haydn Horsey—a son.
PANGMAN—At Dundas, on August 28, Mrs. C. E Pangman—a daughter.
DAVIS—At Toronto, on September 3, Mrs. W. E. Davis—a son.
DAVIS—At Toronto, on August 19, Mrs. F. A. Davis—a son.

Marriages.

JONES—McMURRAY—At Elton, N. Y., on August 28, J. C. Jones of Toronto to Mary McMurray.
KYLES—WELLS—At Toronto, on September 1, John Kyles, B.A., to Florence M Wells.
LEONARD—CHRISTIE—At Toronto, on September 2, Charles W. Leonard of London to Elizabeth Laidlaw Christie.
EASTWOOD—TIMMS—At Toronto, on August 26, John Paul Eastwood to Lizzie Timms.
IVEY—DONLY—At Simcoe, on September 2, John A. Ivey, B.A., M.D., of Woodstock to Enid Isoline Donly.
FETTES—GIFFORD—At Toronto, on August 27, David Fettes to Marjory Helen Bain Gifford.
MANCHEE—SALES—At Toronto, on August 23, Arthur F. Manchee of Toronto to Emily M. Sales of London, England.
OWEN—GRUNDY—At Linden, Mass., on August 27, Rev. Edward Owen to Maud Grundy of Toronto.
CRAWFORD—REEVE—At Churchville, on August 27, George W. Crawford to Sophy E. Reeve.
WILKIE—McCORD—At Toronto, T. J. Wilkie to Mary McCord.
FORTYE—ROPER—At Peterboro', on August 28, Robert Hamilton Fortye to Marion Elizabeth Vennor Roper.
NASON—HARTNEY—At Winnipeg, on August 23, Henry Nason to Lisetta Georgina Hartney
PHILP—DUNCAN—At Colborne, on August 27, Edgar E. Philp of Vancouver, B. C., to Kate E. Duncan.

Deaths.

HANCE—At Toronto, on August 31, John Patrick Hance, aged 22 years.
LIGHTBOURN—At Toronto, on August 30, Alexander Gilbert Lightbourn aged 32 years.
EMERY—At Toronto, on August 31, Minnie L. Emery.
DeGRASSI—At Lakeport, on August 27, Mrs. Ophelia Harvey DeGrassi
PINCH—At Toronto, on September 2, Rev. Richard Pinch, aged 74
TURNBULL—At Toronto, on September 1, Walter Turnbull, aged 72 years.
PEEL—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. Moultrie Peel.
CLARKE—At Toronto, on September 1, Robert Allen Clarke, aged 35 years.
GALBRAITH—At Toronto, on August 31, infant son of William and Ella C. Galbraith, aged 8 months.
COLLINS—At Scarborough, on August 25, Mrs. Joseph Collins, aged 51 years.
DOWNEY—At Toronto, on September 2, Samuel Downey, aged 42 years.
DOBSON—At Toronto, on September 2, infant daughter of Rev. Charles J and Jennie Dobson, aged 2 months.
ESTEW—At Toronto, on September 1, youngest child of John and Kathleen Estew, aged seven months.
HOCKEN—At Toronto, on September 1, Mrs. Amelia Hocken, aged 69 years.
HINES—At Denver, Colorado, on August 31, Mrs. James Hines, aged 46 years.
KENT—At Toronto, on September 2 John Kent, J. P., aged 52 years.
MOORE—At Prescott, on September 1, William James Bury Maclicd Moore, Lieutenant-Colonel, late H. M. 69 h Regiment, G. C. T. Supreme Grand Master Knights Templars of Canada.
SEYMOUR—At Toronto, on September 2, Capt. John W. Seymour, aged 76 years
MILNE—At Toronto, on September 3 Alexander Ball, infant son of J. A. and Annie Milne, aged 9 months.
HARPER—At Toronto, on September 3, Alfred Harper, aged 25 years.

WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dentist
North Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets. Entrance 4 Albert Street, Toronto.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tele. 2266

J. G. ADAMS, Dentist
Office—346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Residence—56 Hazelton Ave., Toronto, Ont. Tel. No. 3064.

H. BARITTA MULL
School of Voice Culture and Singing
Opens September 1

The method used in voice-building is that of the old Italians, the object of which is to obtain pure and beautiful singing. Mr. Mull, formerly a pupil of Signor Bagili, brother and teacher of the famous *prima donna* Adelina and Carlotta Patti.

VOICE TESTED FREE OF CHARGE.

Room 20, new building corner of Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

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Dinners
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Receptions, etc.

EVERY MINUTIÆ

66-68 and 447 Yonge St., Toronto

$23.50

We are selling a

BEDROOM SUITE

with Bevel, British MIRROR PLATE, square or circular, beautifully finished in ANTIQUE for above price. You should secure one of those plums.

R. POTTER & CO.

Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
Telephone 1384

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORMENT OF

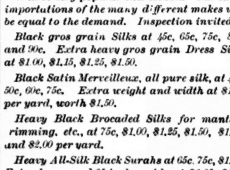
DIAMONDS.

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

BLACK SILKS

Will be very popular this season. Our large importations of the many different makes will be equal to the demand. Inspection invited.

Black gros grain Silks at 45c, 65c, 75c, 85c, and 90c. Extra heavy gros grain Dress Silks at $1.00, $1.15, $1.25, $1.50.

Black Satin Merveilleux, all pure silk, at 45c. 50c, 60c, 75c. Extra weight and width at $1.00 per yard, worth $1.50.

Heavy Black Brocaded Silks for mantles, rimming, etc., at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, and $2.00 per yard.

Heavy All-Silk Black Surahs at 65c. 75c, $1.00. Extra heavy and 25 inches wide at $1.25, $1.38 and $1.50 per yard.

Black Silk Luxors at $1.00 per yard.

All-Silk Round Cord Faille Francaise at $1.12 and $1.25.

Black Watered Silks at from 75c to $3.00, at

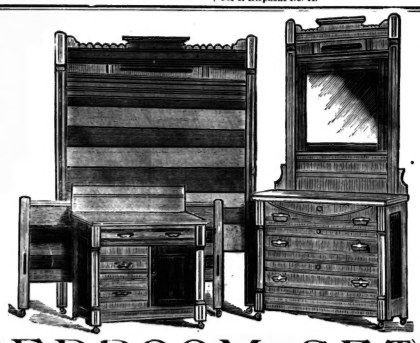
R. SIMPSON'S

SILK WAREHOUSE,

S.W. CORNER YONGE AND QUEEN

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS' ACADEMY

Late of 293 Yonge, has opened his new and elegant Academy, 244 Yonge street, corner of Louisa. Our new premises will allow us to give greater advantages this season, having three large rooms and Calisthenics Hall above the Academy, which will be devoted to the use of pupils. The latest American and English dances will be taught in rapid succession. Ladies' and gentlemen's classes now forming. The public are invited to come and view the delightful premises from 10 a.m. to 12 m., till further notice. Use of telephone No. 44.



BEDROOM SETS

When buying a Bedroom Set you should be careful only to deal with a well known and reliable firm. All our Furniture is well made and from well seasoned lumber, and we have at all times been careful to avoid handling any low-priced, badly-made trash, knowing that a low price is only appreciated when the goods stand the wear and tear as well as those for which a higher price has been paid. This our

$12 50, $13.50 and $15.00 Hardwood Bedroom Sets

Will do. We show a very complete line of Bedroom Sets at prices ranging from $12 50 to $55.00, and at every price the value is the very best that money can buy. Credit, without interest or extra charge, if desired.

The C. F. Adams' Home-Furnishing House

117 YONGE STREET, 4 DOORS NORTH OF QUEEN

MANTLE DEPARTMENT

JUST RECEIVED

= 300 =

GERMAN SAMPLE MANTLES

No Two Alike. New and Very Stylish

In order to make room for our regular stock we will give 25 per cent. off every Coat bought his month.

A deposit of $2 will secure one. Come and have first choice.

THE GOLDEN CROWN

240 and 242 Yonge Street

THE ALLIANCE

BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

OF ONTARIO, Limited

INCORPORATED FEB. 27, 1890 - CAPITAL, $1,000,000

GENERAL OFFICES:

27 and 29 Wellington Street East 34 and 36 Front Street East

TORONTO

This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others, conversion of railway and other securities. Will give careful attention to management of estates, collection of loans, rents, interest, dividends, debts, mortgages, debentures, bonds, bills, notes, coupons and other securities. Will act as agents for issuing or countersigning certificates of stock, bonds, or other obligations.

Receives and invests sinking funds and invests moneys generally for others and offers the best terms therefor.

Every dollar invested with or through this Company earns the highest returns and is absolutely safe.

All investments are guaranteed.

THE INVESTMENT BONDS of the Company are issued in amounts of $100 and upward and offer unparalleled inducements for accumulative investments of small amounts, monthly, or at larger periods for terms of years from five upwards, and the investor is not only absolutely protected against loss of a single dollar, but can rely upon the largest returns consistent with security.

Correspondence solicited and promptly replied to.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)

TORONTO, ONT.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms. 117 King Street W., Toronto

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE:

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BRANCH OFFICES:

728 Yonge Street,
10 King Street East,
Queen Street West and Subway,
Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.